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The Healing of Nations (ii)	Edward Carpenter
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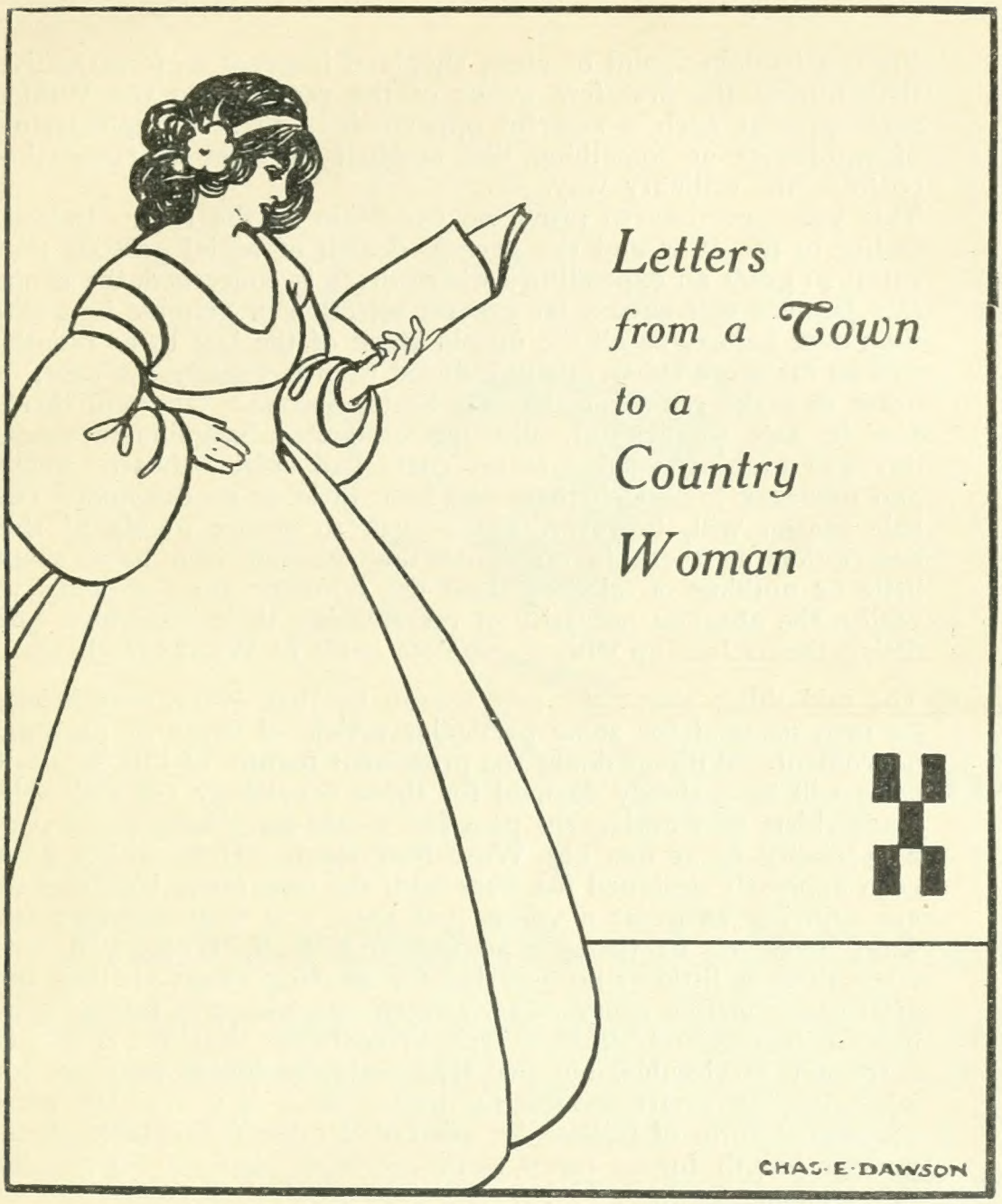

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This year promises to prove no exception to the rule. Indeed, owing to the War and the general dearth of social gaieties that entail so great an expenditure where dress is concerned, the shops this January will have a far greater selection of genuine bargains than ever before, as all the unsold stock of the last three months will be far more substantially reduced than is usually the case, in order to make room for the new Spring goods. One will therefore be able to pick up quite unprecedented bargains in model day and evening gowns, smart coats and skirts, theatre wraps and millinery for which there has been little or no demand. The sale season will, however, see a rush to secure goods of this description as there is no doubt that women who have spent little or nothing on clothes since the Summer are beginning to realise the absolute necessity of refurbishing their wardrobes and fitting themselves up with a complete outfit of Winter clothing.

A Speciality of this Year's Sales

¶ The odd thing about the sale season is, that every year brings its own demand for some particular article of dress or personal adornment. Without doubt the prominent feature of this season's sales will be a steady demand for those beautifully cut and well-made skirts that during the past few weeks have been made such a speciality of at one big West End shop. These skirts have been expressly designed for wear with the new fancy blouses that are enjoying so great a vogue just now, and they supply a felt want inasmuch as there is no ignoring the fact that just now when there is little or no occasion for wearing smart visiting and afternoon toilettes every other woman one meets is falling back upon a blouse and skirt, a type of costume that is not only extremely serviceable, but one that serves a double purpose, for while looking smart enough for indoor wear it proves the most convenient form of toilette for wear under the fashionable three-quarter length fur or fancy cloth overcoats that are so popular this season.

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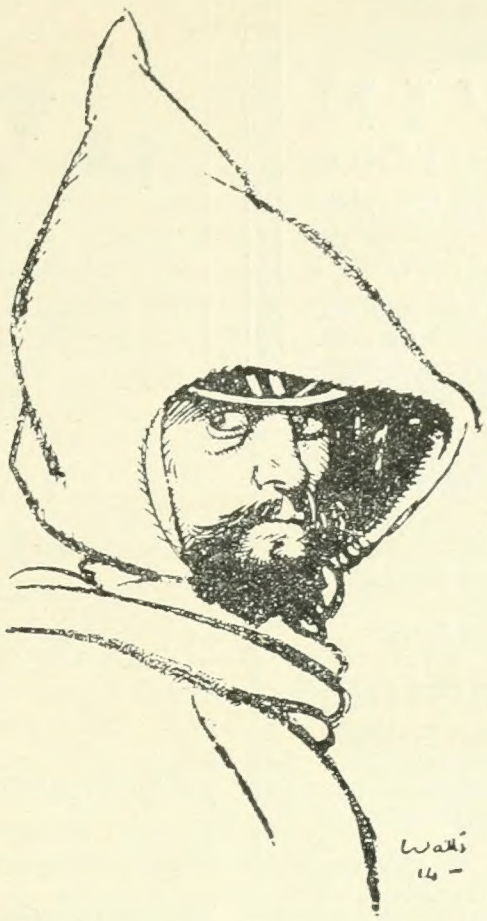
¶ Quite unlike the ordinary run of ready-made utility skirts fashioned of serge or tweed that one usually finds in ready-made departments, the new models are fashioned in picturesque designs carried out in fur-trimmed velvet and velveteen, in soft charmeuse, or in that beautifully fine covert coating cloth that is quite dressy enough to be suitable for wear on all occasions. In the latter fabric one finds skirts that are both severely tailored and those of more elaborate design, the latter made with the new tunic basques, or a clever adaptation of the new sash belt, while a great many are fashioned with wide, flaring overskirts fastened at one side with large fancy horn buttons that give them an exceedingly *chic* and trim appearance. Carried out in light colours, such as pastel browns, soft shades of green, and a new elephant grey, these skirts make a very satisfactory and serviceable addition to a Winter wardrobe.



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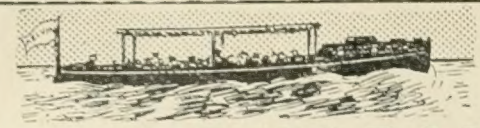

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The most Fashionable Blouse

¶ Needless to say, the particular type of dressy blouse with which such skirts are worn will also be substantially reduced during the forthcoming January sales, and these will prove a tempting opportunity for numerous women to invest in the latest and most up-to-date models. Perhaps the most attractive of these are the models that are fashioned of delicate stamped or embossed chiffon velvet as thin as *crêpe de Chine* and beautifully light and comfortable to wear.

The newest of these model designs are made with double-breasted fronts and delightful open collars and softly falling revers made of delicate lace or lovely hand embroideries that give them a very dainty and attractive appearance. For the most part blouses of this sort are made in somewhat sombre shades of velvet, such as mole colour or the new tone of grey that has a tinge of green in it, while there is a wide range of fawns and browns, as well as the ubiquitous *tête de nègre* or black, the latter looking remarkably well worn with the new fur-trimmed black velvet skirts.

A Perfect Bust Bodice

¶ The revival of the blouse for smart wear has once more brought the question of bust bodices to the fore, the newest model blouses being all so limp and soft that wearers feel the need of a firm, well-cut underbodice. To meet this particular want of the moment a new pattern bodice has been put upon the market which is particularly well adapted for wear with the low-cut corsets of the present moment. This is a tight underbodice so beautifully cut that it keeps the figure firm without making it too rigid and unyielding, while a great point in its favour is that it has a marvellous way of reducing the bust measurement. Exceedingly light, cool, and comfortable to wear, the new bodice will be found to be a great boon to all women who are adopting the present blouse and skirt type of toilette, while those who have a tendency to corpulence will find it enables them to wear the new low-fronted corsets with the most satisfactory results.

A Theatre Wrap for a Matron

¶ For a matron's wear one finds a quite new theatre or restaurant wrap that already threatens to take the place of those long chiffon stoles or lace scarves that so many women have got into the habit of throwing over an evening gown. This is a new type of Cavalier cape fashioned of fine sequin-trimmed black net, and made with a double flounce effect, the cape being held in place in front by crossed black velvet ribbon straps. The effect is very light and very dressy, the net being trimmed with fine jet, steel, or iridescent sequins according to the wearer's fancy; while the neck is finished off by one of those fine transparent roll-back collars that form such an exceedingly becoming frame to the face.

The Beauty of Jet Hair Prongs

¶ The fact that so many people are wearing black at the present moment has brought jet once again into fashionable favour, and nothing proves more becoming than the new hair prongs ornamented with cut jet. These look particularly well when worn with the new small shaped velvet toques that show so much of the hair and certainly call for some kind of ornamental pin to put the finishing touch. For day use a boldly carved jet pin is used, while for evening wear one finds prongs of this description ornamented with delicate jet tracery work, the design in several instances being heightened by the innovation of small paste or diamanté stones.

Hair that never goes out of Curl

¶ Writing of the new small coiffure reminds one of the fact that an enormous improvement has recently been made in permanent waving of straight hair. The new process is in every way an improvement upon that first introduced, as it produces a much larger and more natural wave, doing away completely with anything like a frizzy effect, while it lasts indefinitely. By this new process the hair is not subjected to any superheating, which is so injurious to its growth and destroys the glossy, natural effect—the whole effect depending upon the manner in which the hair is twisted round the curlers. Lasting only a couple of hours the new waving process makes the beautiful waved effect proof against the ill-effects of a damp wintry climate, and in all weathers under all conditions ensures a beautiful waved and easily-dressed coiffure, which is, after all, one of the chief secrets of a smart appearance.

A Clever Veil Adaptation

¶ One must also make special mention of a new type of veil which makes an irresistible appeal to all women. This is made of fine silk mesh with a spot or floral design carried out in chenille and gathered round the bottom into a fine black velvet strap that is worn round the throat and fastened behind with a couple of miniature press studs. The idea, although exceedingly simple, is most practical and efficient, the narrow velvet throat strap proving highly becoming, and doing away entirely with the need of twisting one's veil into an untidy knot under the skin, or pinning it at the back of the hair—a device that spells ruin to all veiling, for no matter how carefully the safety-pin or brooch may be adjusted it is sure to tear the veil into holes before long.

How the War has affected Feminine Fashions

¶ There is no doubt that the War has affected feminine fashions to an appreciable extent. Not only does one find military millinery on all sides, but the shops all record a sale of khaki coats and skirts. So far, however, the most practical outcome of War fashions is the adaptation by women motorists and travellers of those warm hood-scarves, which, made in a long double strip of knitting folded over down the middle and sewn together, have the centre portion left open so as to form a hood if necessary. Worn as a scarf in the usual way, these mufflers are quickly converted into a hood and a warm neckscarf combined, and prove very comfortable as well as very attractive and invaluable for motoring on windy days; while for travelling both by land and sea they will be found to be the greatest comfort and convenience.

Scented Floral Bead Chains

¶ The fad for wearing long ornamental chains seems to be growing rather than decreasing, and the newest and most delightful type of ornament of this kind are the new Californian chains composed of coloured and sweet-scented beads that are made from the petals of real flowers such as roses, forget-me-nots, sweet-smelling jasmine, and other strongly-scented blossoms, the colour and the fragrance of the natural flowers being retained in the beads themselves. These necklaces are not only very beautiful, but they possess a special interest, inasmuch as they represent the revival of an ancient art which was practised centuries ago by the nuns in the convents of Spain and France who discovered the secret of working the petals of fragrant flowers into a dough which they moulded and carved into beads for their rosaries. This ancient art has now been resuscitated, and the beautiful flower-beads worn by every other woman one meets is the outcome of this industry. As durable as amber or jade, these unique neck-

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laces can be had in the same dainty colours as the flowers from which they are made, the beads being smooth or carved according to the wearer's taste, while their delicate fragrance makes them particularly attractive and pleasing to wear.

New Motor Cushions

¶ A new and very practical use has recently been discovered for those wonderful plush fur fabrics that have lately made their appearance, and are being so universally used for making fur coats, muffs, and stoles. In its new guise it now makes its appearance as covering for cushions for use when motoring or travelling, travelling rugs and foot-muffs being also made of the same fabric. The new cushions are quite the most practical of their kind ever invented, as the plush fabric is very light and soft, and it has the great advantage of remaining unaffected by dust or rain. Covered in imitation leopard skin, in civet cat, or other light types of fur, these cushions are most attractive, and they have proved the most valuable and acceptable gift of this season, a great many being provided for the use of wounded soldiers and officers who are scattered in convalescent homes all over Great Britain.

The Sensation of the present Month

¶ Coming to matters dealing with household affairs, the sensation of the present month has been the opening of a new and most scientifically equipped food store, which supplies food of all kinds and description of the best quality at the lowest prices—an item that will make a direct appeal to all housekeepers at a time like the present, when one is face to face with the problem of an increased rate of living. The new store certainly does represent the latest word in everything relating to the catering problem, as it makes provision for supplying food on a far more elaborate and comprehensive scale than has ever been attempted before. Aiming at perfection in all branches it makes a very direct and personal appeal to heads of households both in Town and Country. Here, instead of having to go from one department to another, a point is made of being able to give one's orders direct in one department, where customers, if so inclined, can see every purchase. What is more, they can see how everything is made, as all the kitchens and bakeries, which are run on the newest and most hygienic lines, are open to inspection any hour of the day, so that customers can assure themselves of the absolute purity of all the cooked or uncooked food they purchase.

Coffee as in France

¶ It has long been said that it is impossible to get really well-made coffee in England, and despite the fact that every year sees an output of new inventions in the form of coffee-making machines there is no doubt that the average cook is the merest novice in the concoction of this beverage which is made to such perfection in every little *café* and restaurant abroad. Now, however, there is no need for any such failure, as a new blend of coffee that is specially roasted and ground and packed immediately before it has had time to lose any of its aroma or flavour into *air-tight tins*, has just been put upon the market. The secret of the delightful flavour of this new coffee lies in the fact that it is packed in small quantities, so that one can be supplied with a fresh tin every day that holds just enough to make the usual breakfast or after-dinner quantity of coffee, instead of the usual tins containing a couple of pounds of coffee that once opened and left uncovered and half used not only allows the coffee to lose all its original flavour but absorbs any other strong flavours that may be in the store cupboard or room in which it is kept. Cheaper than the ordinary

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Bread that never becomes Stale

¶ Another household commodity to be recommended to those who take a practical interest in catering is some particularly wholesome and nourishing wholemeal bread which has the merit of never becoming stale or sour, but is always fresh and delicious to eat. This bread is extremely beneficial, and is recommended by doctors for use in nurseries and dining-rooms, while it is far more delicious for making afternoon tea sandwiches than any other kind. A sample loaf will be sent free of cost to anyone who cares to apply for the same.

A Clever Device to make the Deaf hear

¶ Perhaps the most useful of all inventions of modern time is a comparatively new device that magnifies sound in such a manner that it not only enables persons suffering from various degrees of deafness to hear distinctly, but it also trains the hearing of obstinate cases, and so strengthens the nerves of the ear and stimulates the circulation that the most wonderful and beneficial results are experienced after a few weeks' steady and persistent use of the wonderful invention. Handy, compact, and as inconspicuous as a pair of lorgnettes or eyeglasses, this clever device has brought comfort to hundreds of deaf people, who by its use are able not only to take part in general conversation, but to hear perfectly well at the theatre, the opera, the lecture hall, or the church. Scientifically made and perfected after years of research and improvement, this invention is in no way a quack remedy, but one founded on a practical idea that has done and is doing more good for the deaf than anything else that has yet been introduced to mitigate their sufferings. What is perhaps more important is that a trial may be made before actual purchase—a consideration highly appreciated by many deaf people who have purchased expensive instruments and after the first trial have found them of no use to their particular form of malady.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTY-FOURTH NUMBER

		PAGE
1. WILFRID WILSON GIBSON	The Rock-light	129
2. MARY WEBB	The Vagrant	134
3. L. CRANMER-BYNG	Poem from the Chinese	136
4. VISCOUNT HARBERTON	The Arrogance of Culture	137
5. JOHN FREEMAN	Intimacy	148
6. EDWIN PUGH	The Mind of the Clerk	154

[*Contents continued on page* xv.

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CONTENTS (*continued*)

			PAGE
7.	FRANCES BURKE-HART	Love in the Ould Counthry	169
8.	STIJN STREUVELS	In Early Winter	177
	THE WAR OF LIBERATION		
9.	EDWARD CARPENTER	The Healing of Nations (ii)	180
10.	AUSTIN HARRISON	Beating the Germans	193
		The Lion in Blinkers	204
		Marx and Materialism	216
11.	A. H. M.	In the Trenches	225
12.	NORMAN DOUGLAS	Aspects of Russia	235
13.	BOOKS		250

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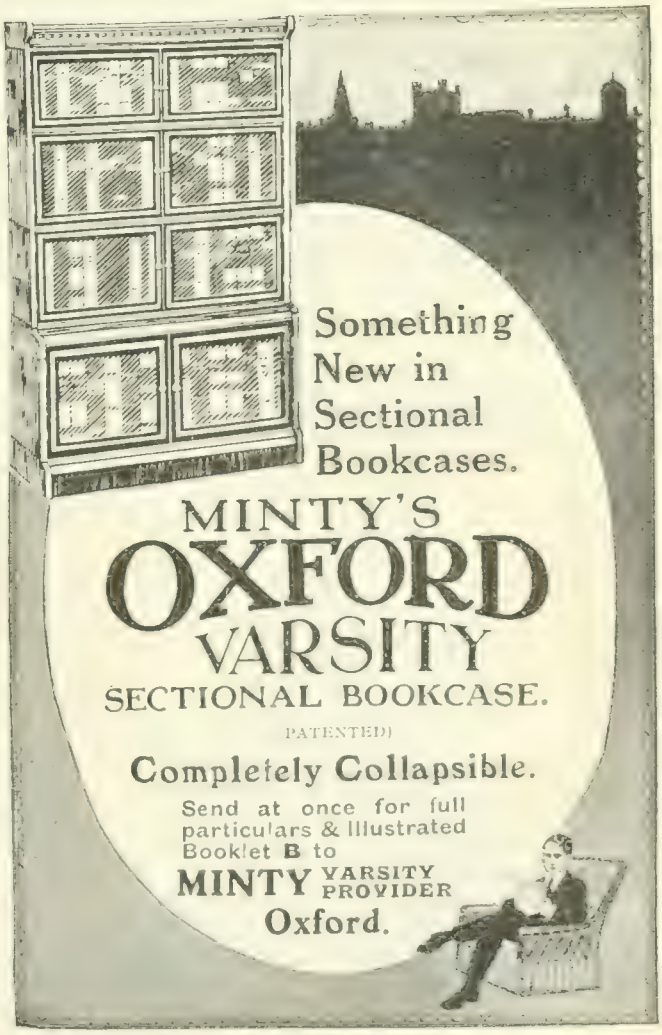

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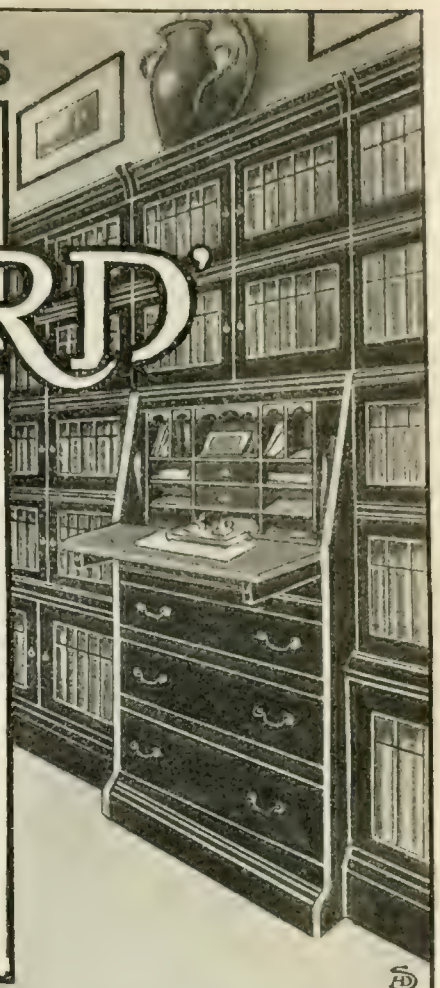

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1915

The Rock-light*

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

AY, he must keep his mind clear—must not think
Of those two lying dead, or he'ld go mad.
The glitter of the lenses made him blink;
The brass blazed speckless: work was all he had
To keep his mind clear. He must keep it clear
And free of fancies, now that there was none,
None left but him to light the lantern—near
On fourteen hours yet till that blazing sun
Should drop into that quiet oily sea,
And he must light . . . though it was not his turn:
'Twas Jacob's—Jacob, lying quietly
Upon his bed . . . And yet the light would burn
And flash across the darkness just as though
Nothing had happened, white and innocent,
As if Jake's hand had lit it. None would know,
No seaman steering by it, what it meant
To him, since he'd seen Jacob . . .
But that way
Lay madness. He, at least, must keep his wits;
Or there'ld be none to tell why those two lay . . .
He must keep working, or he'ld go to bits.

Ere sunset, he must wind the lantern up.
He'ld like to wind it now—but 'twould go round,
And he'ld be fancying . . . Neither bite nor sup

* Copyright by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson in the United States of America, January, 1915.

He'd touched this morning; and the clicking sound
Would set his light head fancying . . . Jacob wound
So madly that last time, before . . . But he,
He mustn't think of Jacob. He was bound,
In duty bound, to keep his own wits free
And clear of fancies.
He would think of home.
That thought would keep him whole, when all else failed—
The green door; and the doorstep, white as foam;
The window that blazed bright the night he sailed
Out of the moonlit harbour,—clean and gay
'Twould shine this morning in the sun, with white
Dimity curtains, and a grand display
Of red geraniums, glowing in the light.
He always liked geraniums: such a red—
It put a heart in you. His mother, too,
She liked . . .
And she'ld be lying still in bed,
And never dreaming! If she only knew!
But he . . . he mustn't think of them just now—
Must keep off fancies . . .
She'ld be lying there,
Sleeping so quietly—her smooth white brow
So calm beneath the wisps of silver hair
Slipped out beneath her mutch-frills. She had pride
In those fine caps, and ironed them herself.
The very morning that his father'd died,
Drowned in the harbour, turning to the shelf,
She took her iron down, without a word,
And ironed, with her husband lying dead . . .
As they were lying now . . . He never heard
Her speak, or saw her look towards the bed.
She ironed, ironed. He had thought it queer—
The little shivering lad perched in his chair,
And hungry—though he dared not speak for fear
His father'ld wake, and with wet streaming hair
Would rise up from the bed . . .
He'd thought it strange
Then, but he understood now, understood.
You'd got to work, or let your fancies range;
And fancies played the devil when they could.
They got the upper hand, if you loosed grip

A moment. Iron frills, or polish brass
To keep a hold upon yourself, not slip
As Jacob slipt. . . .
A very burning-glass
Those lenses were. He'ld have to drop off soon,
And find another job to fill the morn,
And keep him going through the afternoon—
And it was not yet five! . . .
Ay, he was born
In the very bed where still his mother slept,
And where his father'd lain—a cupboard bed
Let in the wall, more like a bunk, and kept
Decent with curtains drawn from foot to head
By day, though why—but 'twas the women's way:
They always liked things tidy. They were right—
Better to keep things tidy through the day,
Or there would be the devil's mess by night.
He liked things shipshape, too, himself. He took
After his mother in more ways than one.
He'ld say this for her—she could never brook
A sloven; and she'd made a tidy son.

'Twas well for him that he was tidy, now
That he was left; or how'ld he ever keep
His thoughts in hand. . . . The Lord alone knew how
He'ld keep them tidy, till. . . .
Yet, she could sleep:
And he was glad, ay, glad that she slept sound.
It did him good, to think of her so still.
It kept his thoughts from running round and round
Like Jacob in the lighted lantern, till . . .
God! They were breaking loose! He must keep hold. . . .

On one side, "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,"
Framed in cut cork, painted to look like gold—
On the other a red frigate, with white sails
Bellying, and a blue pennon fluttering free,
Upon a sea dead calm. He couldn't think,
As a wee lad, how ever this could be.
And when he'd asked, his father with a wink
Had only answered laughing: Little chaps
Might think they knew a lot, and had sharp eyes.

But only pigs could see the wind. Perhaps
The painter'd no pig by him to advise.
That was his father's way: he'ld always jest,
And chuckle in his beard, with eyes half-shut
And twinkling . . . Strange to think of them at rest
And lightless, those blue eyes, beneath that cut
Where the jagged rock had gashed his brow—the day
His wife kept ironing those snowy frills,
To keep herself from thinking how he lay,
And wouldn't jest again. It's that that kills—
The thinking over. . . .
Jacob jested, too:
He'd always some new game, was full of chaff.
The very morn before the lantern drew. . . .
Yesterday morn that was, he heard him laugh. . . .

Yesterday morn! And was it just last night
He'd wakened, startled; and run out, to find
Jacob within the lantern, round the light
Fluttering like a moth, naked and blind
And laughing . . . Peter staring, turned to stone . . .
The struggle . . . Peter killed . . .
And he must keep
His mind clear at all costs, himself, alone
On that grey naked rock of the great deep,
Full forty mile from shore—where there were men
Alive and breathing at this moment—ay,
Men who were deep in slumber even then,
And yet would waken and look on the sky.

He must keep his mind clear, to light the lamp
Ere sunset: ay, and clear the long night through
To tell how they had died. He mustn't scamp
The truth—and yet 'twas little that he knew. . . .
What had come over Jacob in the night
To send him mad and stripping himself bare. . . .
And how he'd ever climbed into the light—
And it revolving . . . and the heat and glare!
No wonder he'd gone blind—the lenses burning
And blazing round him; and in each he'ld see
A little naked self . . . and turning, turning,
Till, blinded, scorched, and laughing crazily,

He'd dropped: and Peter . . . Peter might have known
The truth, if he had lived to tell the tale—
But Peter'd tripped . . . and he was left alone. . . . .

Just thirty hours till he should see the sail
Bringing them food and letters—food for them;
Letters from home for them . . . and here was he
Shuddering like a boat from stern to stem
When a wave takes it broadside suddenly.
He must keep his mind clear. . . .
His mother lay
Peacefully slumbering. And she, poor soul,
Had kept her mind clear, ironing that day—
Had kept her wits about her, sound and whole—
And for his sake. Ay, where would he have been,
If she had let her fancies have their way
That morning, having seen what she had seen!
He'd thought it queer. . . . But it was no child's play
Keeping the upper hand of your own wits.
He knew that now. If only for her sake,
He mustn't let his fancies champ their bits
Until they foamed. . . . He must jam on the brake
Or he . . .
He must think how his mother slept;
How soon she would be getting out of bed;
Would dress; and breakfast by the window, kept
So lively with geraniums blazing red;
Would open the green door, and wash the stone,
Foam-white enough already: then, maybe,
She'ld take her iron down, and, all alone,
Would iron, iron, iron steadily—
Keeping her fancies quiet, till he came. . . .

To-morrow, he'ld be home: he'ld see the white
Welcoming threshold, and the window's flame,
And her grave eyes kindling with kindly light.

The Vagrant

By Mary Webb

Who came so close then?—
Brushed the wet lilac into mellow laughter;
Set the smooth blackbird at his golden weaving;
Making no stir at all, no footprint leaving;
Travelling westward, all things following after?

Who whispered secrets?—
Tempted the worm up from her winter hiding
To lie her length in the rain of early summer?
Who cut the leaf-buds open? What new-comer
Told the tall heron the place of her abiding?

Someone has been here:
Not the rough, drunken wind who shouts and wanders,
Trampling the woodpath; neither dawn nor gloaming
Nor the young airs in cowslip-garlands roaming.
Who was it then? The muted spirit ponders.

Close by the water
Wrapt in a dream, I saw a faint reflection
Like a wayfarer, calm and worn of features,
Clad in the brown of leaves and little creatures,
Stern as the moorland, russet of complexion.

Dark in the shadow
Fathomless eyes met mine with thought unspoken,
Wistful, yet deep within them laughter lingered.
With sunburnt hands a wooden flute he fingered
Under the thorn-tree, where the lights are broken.

Then the green river
Dimmed like a misted mirror; blossom only
Whitened it, on the covert water lying.
Westward along the willows ran a sighing.
Herd-like the clouds went home and left me lonely.

THE VAGRANT

Over the meadows
Wild music came like spray upon the shingle;
Piping the world to mating; changing, calling
Low to the heart like doves when rain is falling.
Surely he cut his flute in Calvary's dingle?

I rose and followed
Right to the sunset-bars, yet never found him.
Backward along the edge of night returning
Sadly, I watched the slip of moon upburning
Silver, as if she drank the life around him.

In the dark aspens
Hark! a flute note; so still he's at his playing.
Tawny the furrows lie—his homely vesture.
Labourers pass: I see his very gesture—
Vigorous, tranquil, with his music straying.

Now I know surely
Who set the birds a-fire and touched the grasses—
Silent, without a footprint, no shade throwing.
Infinite worlds his shadow: all things growing
Stir with his breathing, follow as he passes.

Poem from the Chinese

By L. Cranmer-Byng

The Palace of Chao-yang

By Li Po

705–765 A.D.

No more the peach-tree droops beneath the snow;
Spring draws her breath the willow boughs among.
The mango-bird now maddens into song,
And the swift-building swallows come and go.
'Tis the time of the long daydreams, when laughing maybeams
On the mats of slothful revellers play;
'Tis the time of glancing wings, and the dancing
Of moon-moths whirling the hours away;
When the golden armoured guardians are withdrawn,
And pleasure haunts the rustling woods till dawn.

A warm and perfumed wind
Strays through the palace-blind,
And wandering pries into some dim retreat
Where every whisper stirs the heart to beat.
Now all the gay parterres
Are rivals for the sun
That drains their jewelled goblets one by one
From dimpled terrace and green dewy stairs;
And the water-lily renders to the Spring
The wonder of her white unbosoming.
Far away in the tall woods there is an oriole calling;
There are shadows in the blue pavilion of dancers, and music rising and falling.
In the month of peach-bloom and plum-bloom, in the silken screened recess
Love is the burden of sweet voices, and the brief night melting, and the long caress.

The Arrogance of Culture

By Viscount Harberton

Is there any use or merit of any kind in culture? Is a man who knows a Botticelli from a Sassoferrato without a catalogue in any way superior to a man who knows a Rolls-Royce from a Mercedes as it passes, without stopping it, and who is on nodding terms with a good deal of the machinery? Is there any real reason why intellectual culture should be considered preferable to proficiency in golf, bridge, mechanics, fishing, or anything else? And, if so, why so? Yet people who attend antiquated plays, such as Shakespeare's, and patronise classical concerts, such as those at the Bechstein Hall, and who simply love any old painting by any old master, seem, for no very obvious reason, to be convinced that their whole nature must therewith breathe an ambrosial excellence and shed around them an atmosphere of incomparable charm.

Matthew Arnold, in the *Golden Treasury Series*, is quoted as saying that the greatness of a country is not to be measured by its wealth, but by its soul. He continues :—

"The use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery."

This is one of the golden coins in the book of golden thoughts in the *Golden Treasury Series*. The inference is that, should a man specialise in culture, or add culture to his vocation, the results would be productive of soul-wealth. Take the drama. Dan Leno, Arthur Roberts, and Weedon Grossmith may be called comedians. And, generally speaking, with comedians the money they earn is the measure of their success. Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and Sir J. Forbes Robertson may be called tragedians. Tragedians specialise in culture, and their efforts are ranked by themselves, and their admirers,

as pure drama or classic art. Their merits are not to be measured by money, for they have adopted "the spiritual standard." Once this standard is adopted, the tragedian begins to pity anyone that has missed him. Next comes the demand for National Theatres and State-subsidised Homes for Dramatic Art. Hear, among others, that eminent tragedian, Sir J. Forbes Robertson:—

"The production of Shakespeare's plays is given in Germany, not in response to a popular demand, but because Municipal or State-subsided theatres must justify their existence by the constant production of the classics.

"This is right and fitting, for the public should be helped to an interest in the best drama."

Culture! For my part, so far from thinking this "right and fitting," I think it very wicked. By "helped" the tragedian means compelled to pay for, and a tragedian should say what he means, especially when it adds to his histrionic art by making the sense more tragic. It is difficult to conceive how any just man can think it "right and fitting" to compel another to invest the rateable value of his residence in municipal theatres, municipal milk shops, municipal tramways, or any other such inflictions. But once a man catches culture he never argues with you, he pities you. When you curse the extra rate for his Municipal Theatre a tragedian re-pities you. This Galilean attitude, unless the man be already locked up, is very irritating. In return for some unsolicited "wealth of soul," we are all made a little poorer every year. The more of it we get, the poorer we grow. Estimated by a dramatic spiritual standard, the riches of a country are not measured by money but by drama, and the richest country in the world might have no money but only tragedians. What a happy land!

The Dan Lenos are infinitely fairer. When people cease to come to the entertainment, a Leno thinks it about time to change the programme. This seems sense. Why is the production of classic drama different? If A does not care for B's form of entertainment, has B any right, by any standard, to tell A that it does him good and that he has got to come, or, at all events, to pay? If any such standard exists it is a most unjust one.

The case is the same with painting. A man who paints

your house is a painter. A man who paints the landscape is an artist. Artists adopt "the spiritual standard" and refuse to measure their merits by what they earn. In this particular instance you may not have asked the artist to paint the landscape. Indeed, you may think it looks better without him sitting there, laying paint on it day after day. Your house-painter may share this view. Yet you both of you have to pay extra rates and extra taxes for picture galleries; and, one of these days, if the municipality buy this artist's landscape, you may have to pay for his picture too. As it was with drama, so with art, and, artistically considered, the richest country in the world would have little money but, Oh, such priceless stacks of lovely pictures!

So with those who work in iron or stone. If what they do is of any use, or possessed of any marketable value, they are iron-moulders or stonemasons; if of no use, they are sculptors. Sculptors, too, adopt the "spiritual standard." And the same old game begins again. Take a man who makes likenesses at so much a copy—a photographer. He catches culture and becomes a portrait painter. Then National Homes for Art again commence, again the "spiritual standard" looms on the horizon, and again we all get "wealth of soul" at the expense of our pocket. Why not let us buy our own "wealth of soul" as we want it, and when we want it, or do without it! Looked at coldly and critically, pictures and statues are but a primitive and clumsy way of doing with great difficulty what any good photographer can do far more accurately in a thousandth part of the time. The only real pleasure a large majority of us have ever got out of our compulsory contributions to the National Gallery, and other homes of art, was when a Suffragette—all honour to her—tickled up the Rokeby Venus behind with a hatchet. Many smiled, and some went straight off to that dull hole to have a look, for the first and for the last time in their lives. Why should we all have to pay for this art, this "spiritual standard of perfection"? A golden treasure is all very well in a book of golden thoughts, but a few more golden treasures of the Dead Duchess of Padua order, at £60,000 a-piece out of the taxes, and wealth of soul becomes an expensive sin.

It is just the same with writing. Many of us have often

admired the work of the men who write our advertisements. What a gift it is! There is an artist! "And panting time toils after him in vain." One day the ideal style may attain a similar level of vivid compactness of expression. Those writers should be well paid. I believe they are well paid. Then Mark Twain, in his *Sketches*, and A. M. Binstead, in *Gal's Gossip*, have made countless people laugh, and even buy the book as well as borrow it. *Dodo*, too, seemed to me a good book when I read it, though some years ago now. But when a man writes "Essays on Alfieri," "Histories of the Renaissance," "Inquiries as to the Condition of the Peasantry in Samo-Thrace previous to the Crucifixion," "A Calculation in Kilometres of the Path of the Sandeman Comet," or "An Epoch-making Work Tracing the Influence of Persian Drama on Western Thought," then one may sniff culture in the offing. That grim old "spiritual standard of perfection" is on us, and we are going to pay for it. And we do. £40,000,000 a year for compulsory State education, with constant extortions levied on us every day for free libraries and similar inflictions. Wealth of soul! Maybe, but there's a wealth of injury in it too. Let me slay this monster before I die.

Around 1870, at the time of the first Education Act, much was said and written about "teaching the people" and "educating our masters." Eminent politicians used to contend, as they do still, that a generous supply of education was essential in order to enable the humblest elector to understand the great questions on which he was now qualified to vote. And what are those great questions? Has any political question ever been voted upon by the public in such a form that any education was needed to comprehend it? What happens is that something called, say, Corn Law Repeal, Home Rule, or Tariff Reform comes before the voters, twisted up with various other matters; and they may, if they like, vote on the general principle of that one issue. Whether a nine-years' course in a Council School, at a cost of £40,000,000 a year, is of any assistance in this direction may be doubted; nor is it certain that an electorate of impecunious scholars would do the job any better than an electorate of sweeps who had never known culture, and were entirely devoid of any "spiritual standard of perfection." For my part, if we

were to have nothing but sweeps or nothing but scholars, I'd ask for sweeps.

There is, too, a further consideration: If what we may do, what we may earn, and what we may own, is to depend on a majority obtained by counting heads, then the primary requisite in those heads is not erudition, nor culture, nor a massive intellect, but a sense of justice. This, however, is not a product of books, nor is it improved in any way by the compulsory herding of the unwilling children of unwilling parents every day for nine years in a Council School. And education of that kind is an education in the worst form of injustice, *i.e.*, interfering with the liberty of private judgment. What a misconception of our duties to one another it is to regard any public question as a problem to be decided upon in the same way as we decide whether our own garden is fitter for forget-me-nots or weeds. You may love forget-me-nots, but I like weeds; and my garden is no problem of yours. "Get out and get under." So throughout.

For instance, the liquor question. Can this mean that we are to study how far alcohol is a poison, and what are the conditions under which it should be sold? Surely not. Some men consider that excess of books does more harm than excess of liquor. But, in any case, to a lover of liquor there is, as has been said, but one liquor question, viz., "Where to obtain the largest amount of liquor at the lowest possible price." The education which would prohibit that solution wants prohibiting itself. No just man can think otherwise.

Again, take the Vaccination Act. You may believe in vaccination and consider that, once you have been "successfully" vaccinated, you are immune from small-pox. Another man disbelieves in it. He considers it a filthy process productive of results indistinguishable from those of an unmentionable disease. Now, is the vaccination question, which of you two is right? At home that may be the issue, and it may be that the more you know the more likely you are to come to a correct conclusion. On the other hand, erudition may have no such effect. But as a public question surely no one need know anything? What can there be to understand? Your opinion is right to you, but so is mine to me. Justice must tell you that under no circum-

stances should the liberty of private judgment ever become a police-court offence. Anybody who thinks otherwise, even on one subject, is not to be depended on on any, and he has in him the makings of a first-class nuisance on all. This view needs no education. A just man *feels* it.

Cannot men realise that once a subject becomes a public question, as distinct from a private one, it then and there resolves itself into a matter of justice, and not of knowledge or education? An unjust man, or a thief, might be disqualified from voting, but not an ignorant one. For instance, take Free Trade and Tariff Reform. Men of culture would be the first to tell you that these were matters which they alone were able to grasp completely. But you need not believe them. Is Tariff Reform, from a public point of view, to be regarded as a problem? Are we, before we vote upon this question, to satisfy ourselves that Protection as a policy would pay us better than Free Trade or *vice versâ?* That might, indeed, take some study. With innumerable columns before us containing statistics relative to exports and imports, producers and consumers, the rate of wages, and the cost of living, we might well pause in despair. Few could be prepared to deny, as an abstract question, that if the whole trade of this country were regulated without reservation by two or three men of consummate genius, we might not be considerably better off. At the same time we might not agree as to who those geniuses were. A simpler question would be whether it were wise to put the commerce of this country into the hands of our party politicians to buy votes with. It might, too, be asked whether it were just to those engaged in business to be faced with the vagaries of tariffs in addition to the troubles of trade. Fancy paying a collection of Ministers £5,000 a year a-piece to protect you, and then to find yourself protected against yourself lest you bought your imports cheap enough to allow you any margin of profit. That would be very bitter! Herbert Spencer, however, made the matter simpler still. Any man, he said, has a perfect right to go over to France to buy boots or anything else, and you are acting wrongly in attempting to interfere with him by law. The passage concludes:—

"Political economy teaches that restrictions on commerce are detrimental; the moral law denounces them as wrong. . . . And thus the

laboured arguments of Adam Smith and his successors are forestalled, and for practical purposes made needless, by the simplest deductions of fundamental morality: a fact which, perhaps, will not be duly realised until it is seen that the inferences of political economy are true, only because they are discoveries by a roundabout process of what the moral law commands."

Without any education, the justice of that view should be obvious enough. The Home Rule question, except perhaps to a paid Radical Member, should be equally simple. It is simply this:—

"How far are any set of men to be trusted who have never professed loyalty to our King or country, and whose programme is rooted in every manner of crime?"

Little education is needed to answer that. But if some one, hearing these views, gazed into the sky absent-mindedly and then asked you casually whether to vote for Home Rule or Tariff Reform, you might have to spar for time. Whichever was most likely to happen should need stopping first. An absolutely ignorant person would perhaps look at the two parties and vote for the one who seemed the best off as being the most trustworthy. And we might do worse than that, for there is always something in favour of the candidate who has something to lose, and there is always something against the promising politician who is on the street unless he can persuade people to vote for him.

Macaulay used to argue that ignorance was a principal cause of danger to our persons and property, and that, therefore, ignorance among the people should be made impossible. Hence free compulsory education. But the doctrine of free anything—in that sense—is far more dangerous to property—and indirectly to person—than any ignorance imaginable. What does ignorance mean? It only means that certain information, commonly known, has not yet come your way. It does not follow that you, therefore, judge any the worse of such matters as do come your way. A stupid man is very different from an ignorant one. Not to know who wrote the Waverley Novels need in no way affect your opinion of them, and, in some ways, improves it.

Fancy making it a crime not to send a child every day for nine years to a Council School! To think differently becomes a police-court offence. If a man continues to act according to his convictions, he will find policemen visiting

his house to serve him with a summons, he will be charged, convicted, and fined, and possibly imprisoned. Good men rarely give in without a struggle, and their position becomes that of an ordinary law-breaker. Only the other day Mr. David Lloyd George, that prolific legislator, stated that one of the sternest duties of democracy was to teach people that they could not break any law that they did not happen to like. He was referring to similar provisions in his own Insurance Act. But how often in various forms is that observation uttered? "That, right or wrong, the law must be obeyed"; "that, if everyone is to judge for himself what laws are right and what laws are wrong, good-bye to everything excepting anarchy." Surely the distinguished statesman referred to must see that his own opinion of his own Insurance Act can hardly be accepted by the nation as a permanent basis of right and wrong. All such Acts as his have created an offence, not by an injury proved, but by a political commandment. To break such Acts, if one can afford to, is almost a duty. For the sake of its victims, the laziest man alive should feel bound in honour to do a maximum of harm to the working of all such Acts at a minimum of inconvenience to himself.

Sooner or later, surely, men must ask themselves whether they hold that a majority are justified in making anything they wish into a police-court offence, simply because they consider such a course beneficial to the public welfare, or whether the laws of right and wrong have another basis altogether.

It seems impossible that men should believe that our laws arose by various majorities voting, from time to time, that certain things were innocent and right and certain other things punishable and wrong. A notion seems gaining ground that if this were not the basis of law it ought to be. Nevertheless, by this process, the formation of law is transferred from just judges to dishonest politicians. Of what use to justice is the justest of men if he has to administer—as he has—unjust laws? Most of our common law arose, not by voting, but "in the process of judges adjudicating on the conflicting claims of humanity." These laws are, in the main, just; a plaintiff has proved that he has been injured by a defendant and he seeks redress. A wrong here is an injury of some kind that has been

suffered by someone. By statute laws, the legislature state something to be wrong, entirely without proof, and they assess the penalty! An origin of that kind for good and evil is worse than religion. The solution is to be found in the pages of Mr. J. C. Spence's *Conscience of the King* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.):—

"It ought to be insisted that, before any penalty is inflicted, a definite wrong be proved against a definite person."

There is a basis of right and wrong obvious to everyone, educated or uneducated, *i.e.*, that no man should be punished until he has been proved in a court of law to have done an injury of some kind to someone else. There is a true criterion of right and wrong; by injury proved and not by political decree; by common sense and not by culture. Until some such limitation to our legislature has been placed on the statute book, no one is safe; and even the best of men is in danger of finding his vocation forbidden and of being prosecuted as a malefactor, as is being done to-day under Education Acts, Vaccination Acts, Shop Acts, Factory Acts, Public Health Acts, Building Bye-Laws, and that peculiarly poisonous measure, H. Samuel's Children's Act. To put a stop to this injustice would, indeed, be the Magna Charta of English Liberty.

The futility of culture might be shown thus: the last few Parliaments have contained such eminent authors and scholars as the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Sir James Bryce (now Viscount Bryce), the Rt. Hon. John Morley (now Viscount Morley), Sir John Batty Tuke (Edinburgh University), the Rt. Hon. A. Birrell, Lord Avebury (late), Sir Philip Magnus (London University), Sir H. Craik (Glasgow University), Professor Butcher (Cambridge University), Professor Jebb, Sir W. Anson (Oxford University), Mr. H. Sidgewick (late), and Mr. Haldane (now Viscount Haldane). These men are all authors of something weighty, and they average after their names eight to ten letters a-piece, signifying degrees of learning or culture of some kind. Every one of those letters testifies to their aptitude for "mopping up" the accepted opinion of the day, of which they are the gifted exponents. Wherever they congregate, the liberty to think differently will knock in vain. "There is the door to which I found no key." Take Mr.

Balfour. He looks as if he could read a book a day. The result of it all appeared in his Education Act, 1902, when he callously raised the fine for showing philosophic doubt as to the value of Council Schools from one of 5*s*. to one of £1. No just man, however ignorant, could have done that, not even for £5,000 a year from the pockets of his victims. Every unjust man is a bad egg, no matter how much you educate him. Had these celebrities paid more attention to liberty and less to learning, they might have achieved a smaller distinction, but they would have been better men.

Matthew Arnold took the other view. His Paradise was a compulsory school where Philistines had no rights.

> "Culture says: 'Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?'"

Now that reads all right. But were someone to lead a scratch collection of *littérateurs* round a paddock, and you were asked if any amount of learning would be worth having on the condition that you had to be like one of those, you might not be willing to risk it. Remember that none of them is even rich, except in soul. An ignorant barbarian can be imagined looking at them with good-natured contempt and thanking God that he was a barbarian. After all, is Viscount Morley a better man than a Rugby International? If so, it must be inwardly. Doubtless he has a well-furnished mind, but how often it is that an empty house is better than a bad tenant! No one was ever any the worse for being ignorant; such thoughts as he has will bear more resemblance to thinking than do those read-up opinions of pallid scholars. Books are a mere form of self-indulgence, and in no way better than any other form of self-indulgence. The kind of people who derive the greatest pleasure from art and literature are neurotics, decadents, and sexual psychopaths; and why we should all be heavily taxed in order to afford enjoyment to people of this kind has never been adequately explained. In my opinion, wealth of pocket is a far safer barometer of the condition of a country than is wealth of soul. If the

"spiritual standard" were adopted, the richest country in the world, literarily, would have few banks but countless free libraries all filled with an unwholesome collection of professors, pedants, and scholars. Those would be "the veins of wealth." A country of that kind would be as safe as Sion, for no one would have any earthly reason to want to "take it over."

Intimacy

By John Freeman

Now that it was over he dropped into a pleasant stupor, a physical reaction. The inconceivably long hours, the exposure, the fierce heat of all those powerful personalities sweeping him with their eager breath, the mere bodily strain —it was all over, over for ever, over for ever, for ever. Hypnotically the words went on, for ever.

It was merciful that this lassitude had befallen him rather than a new excitement. It was welcome—was better, almost, than sleep. He had so starved himself that he was too weak to fight any more; and he just wondered if it was true that his food would be drugged. He remembered a vapourish sort of discussion, years ago, whether it was right to drug the food of a man condemned. If they drugged his he would certainly eat. How could he find out?

Then he fell quite asleep, a sleep profound as midnight seas. But how brief! And here he was quivering with an extraordinary alertness, as though he'd had years and years of sleep, and had sprung up again with the vigour of morning. Instantly he recalled the face of the prosecuting counsel—that indefinitely tall, handsome, clear-voiced man, standing so easily, shuffling papers, trifling with a pencil, bringing out his questions so slowly, casually, erratically almost (it seemed), wandering from point to point and occasionally dropping his voice with an obvious languor; hesitating sometimes, dwelling on quite insignificant matters with bewildering intensity, making the prolonged cross-examination seem the elaborate caprice of a half-bored, consummate amateur. Between that man, so unaccountable, and himself he had been aware of a dangerous intimacy. He could have drawn with perfect faithfulness the visible lineaments of this enemy whom he would never see again—the straight nose, the restless shapely lips, the light eyebrows, small ears, faintly dimpled chin, almost the

sleepy candour of the eyes. He had watched for hours and hours until the face and its habit, its *look*, became the most familiar thing in the world. As if by a spell he had felt a desire to unwrap himself before that man, to answer the candour of those eyes by the candour of his own words. For those eyes would understand; and he knew he would sail out upon a flood of self-explanation, speaking freely as friends who meet after long separation and have much to say, if only he forgot for a single appalling moment the alien faces all round him. Only they had saved him. Now and then that friendly languid man would turn to him so confidentially, saying, by the gentle light of his eyes and the movement of his hands, "Never mind all these people; they're so stupid, so coarse. But we understand each other, I think." Or, again, the mute clear suggestion would be, "There's no need for you to tell me: words are superfluous between us. . . . But there's all these——" whom he signified by a deprecatory little twitch of his fingers. And always that restless mouth! It was only by watching the court and keeping the whole fascinated crowd before him, not letting the sense of their nearness escape him for a single moment, that he was able to save himself from the seductive gentleness of his enemy. . . . Once or twice he had had a horrible escape, which the mere coldness of the words couldn't possibly suggest:

"Would you have said that to any other man who had helped you?—Yes."

"You don't think it was at all an extraordinary thing to say to a man who had befriended you?—No."

"What would you have done if it had been said to you?——"

He had not answered, and the judge had interpreted his silence as a protest against the irrelevance of the question. But he knew it was the most unanswerably relevant question that could have been put just then. For him it really meant, What would you have done if I had said it to you?—with an intolerable personal suggestion in the "I." He dared not answer. And there was that other moment of damning silence when he had been asked by that quiet, now solemn voice (charged, he knew, with the challenge, You daren't answer this either), "Why didn't you tell anyone where you had gone, not even your wife?"

Looking back he couldn't imagine why he hadn't answered that question. He could—what spell prevented him? That man knew why. The answer would involve absurd confessions of remote mental journeyings; and who could, who could (he repeated passionately) explain these? It was monstrous that a man should be condemned because there are things he *can't* speak of. . . . He saw now how deadly was the intimacy which the famous, strange man had flung around him; for it was not so much this or that knife-like question that had ruined him; it was rather the profound sympathy between them, so grossly abused, yet real and persistent.

It was curious that his own counsel had failed so completely with him. A shortish fat-faced man, with small eyes, long upturned nose, thin drooping lips—his whole face a series of depressing curves—he inspired a mistrust which no assiduity could overcome. He was there (he implied) to make the best of a bad job; and what a job! "I can't make you out," he had said pettishly before the trial; and that, all through, was the handicap. That other persuaded you that he could make you out perfectly, sympathetically. How unequal, then, was the battle! The curve-faced man, with a wonderful reputation for criminal cases, had seemed now and then to cast himself upon the mercy of the jury, his abrupt gestures ending with (as it were), What can you do with such a man?

Well, it couldn't be helped. To that fat man he was mere brick; to the other glass. Recalling the least incidents of the trial, he saw more clearly now the absurdity of any defence. "How could they tell if I was guilty? They could only say if I looked guilty, and a man is bound to look guilty of their suspicions, at any rate. They could only find out all I'd ever said and done, and ask themselves whether a man like that could possibly be innocent. What could they *know*?" He had tried to interpret the faces of the jury—those tired, vexed men, full of commonplace thoughts: common men. How could they understand! There was only one man in all the court who could understand—the prosecuting counsel. He understood, he knew; but the others?—no more than the judge himself, with his large, square, bewhiskered face, yellow eyes, enormous ears and lips—that cumbrous effigy of almightiness.

That was over. But he couldn't help rehearing the closing speeches, pondering them almost disinterestedly. The grave, melancholy recital of that tall clairvoyant, explaining so clearly, so irresistibly, not simply the imagined facts but the mental journeyings of "this profoundly misguided man"—the mental journeyings so truly conceived, the facts so grotesquely imagined; the highly wrought, self-glorifying appeal of the curve-faced man; then the calm, serene, purely professional summing-up, full of worn phrases and unapprehended sentiments. Lastly, the voice of the unwieldy judge again, again the worn phrases and second-hand sentiments—"a man brought up to better things," "lamentable misdirection of the faculties which the Almighty has bestowed upon him," right on to "the need of affording society that protection which the laws"—perfunctory and chilling from the first word to the last. Why should a judge say all these childish and superfluous things to a man *then*?

But it was over, over. Well, there was something yet—his wife. From that more than aught else he shrank. He longed (he knew) for someone who could look and comprehend all that was not said. Did nobody know that the things that couldn't be said were the things that most needed comprehension? Yes; one man had known that, and him he would never see again. If only he might! If only he might pour out all his burdened thoughts to that tall diviner. No, no; not to appeal or beg, but to explain, unfold, completing freely and absolutely in private the mental confession extorted from him in public.

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When she stood before him he was glad they were face to face at last, for the last time. Her first words had an odd eagerness. "Will they let me come again?"

What answer did she want? This at any rate he gave her. "No, I don't think so; and anyhow, you're not to try. . . . Not again, not again." He made his appeal as if for himself, knowing she wanted it for herself.

Eagerly still, but with perplexity, she resumed: "This is the last time, then," trying to make the incredible credible. "After all these years, this—this—Oh, I can't say it! I don't know what I want to say." Her agitation

made her lips tremble, and she looked a frail round thing, very fair, weak-eyed, uncomprehending.

"Don't try, then. What does it matter? There's only a few days, and a few words more or less mean nothing."

"There. And I knew that was how you'd treat me. As if I couldn't understand! But we've never understood each other."

He looked at her grimly. She'd never understood him, never pretended to, never tried—no matter. But he'd fathomed her long ago, had understood that shallow, weak thing that was her mind, heart, soul, whatever she was. Understood! great God, had he after all? Or was there perhaps, perhaps, some central depth which he'd never peered into, never dreamed of? Something which the commonness of her life had never reached, never satisfied? He looked angrily (almost) at her: was there? No, no; it was impossible. It was the whole woman he saw there, trembling, fair, brittle, exasperating.

"No, we haven't, as you say; and it's too late to start now."

"But you might tell me," she quavered.

"Tell you—what?"

"Well, you might explain. Just think of me."

He lurched into amazement. Yes, he was right; there was nothing else. He must bear with her a little longer, endure her pettiness that was harder to endure than his own desolate load. He looked at her gravely, gently.

"Don't let's talk of it. There's nothing I can explain, that you could understand."

She shrank from him, and seeing it he knew what she thought.

"Then why did you? It's these awful notions you've had; but why did you?"

Mere curiosity again. It was more than he could stand.

"Haven't I asked you not to talk of it?"

She moved hastily, full of a weak resentment. "Oh, why did we ever come together? It's this sort of thing that's spoilt everything. You've always treated me as a child, ever since you found I wasn't a goddess. You told me once I wasn't what you thought, what you wanted. But how could I help that, how, how? You weren't what I wanted. I wanted a man, and look! Oh, I think there

was never a woman so wretched. If there was any mistake it was yours, wasn't it? and you've always hated me for your mistake. . . . Why don't you speak? It's true, isn't it?"

Her breath failed her. She had never spoken so truly before. Did she know how truly she spoke? She had been punished for his mistake, but hadn't he suffered infinitely more? Hadn't that false intimacy bruised his spirit—that terrible mean intimacy of foreign lives? And why should he care now? She would go out, would be ill with self-pity, and come up again like a common weed, gay and unregarded.

"Don't let us turn up the past. It will all be cured soon. Say I've wronged you, if you like. I have. Say that I've done this, if you like. Well, everybody pities you, don't they, sympathises with you? And, at any rate, we shan't be in each other's way any more. Let's stop stabbing each other in the dark—now."

It cost him much to bring this out; but wasn't he doing it for her sake? Wasn't it because of her supreme weakness that he supposed all this sympathy that he hadn't felt? He checked his thoughts.

"But you don't seem to see how you've wronged me."

Anger strangled his reply, when he saw how little she was concerned for him, how much for herself. Yet would he have had it otherwise? No, no, no. For a while, he said nothing, and then, seeing her about to speak again, he murmured:

"Time's almost gone. Let's ——" He held out his hand. She took it feebly, looked round him, at the walls, ceiling, anything that came within the vagueness of her thoughts. Her face was tearful, nervous, its roundness whimpering into angles. He looked at her curiously, as if wondering who she was. Who *was* she? Was it this that he had once goddess'd—how long ago?

When the disturbance of her presence was gone, the very memory of her passed away, as though she had never been. He didn't look forward, neither with dread nor indignation, but found himself thinking perpetually of the one man who had so strangely understood, yet understood not enough.

The Mind of the Clerk

By Edwin Pugh

He leaves the County Council school on the verge of fourteen, an ignorant but not an innocent child. At an age when other more fortunate boys are being initiated into the mysteries of Latin prose he is being initiated into the mysteries of the prose of existence. Whilst they are learning to play a straight bat he is learning the crooked ways of business chicane.

There is such a vast difference between him and the public schoolboy that it is difficult to believe they are of the same race and the same clay. The public schoolboy has inherited certain traditions, and been trained to certain habits of thought from almost the day of his birth. He is taught to believe that he is of the Elect, the salt of the earth, and that the crowning virtue of his masculinity is stoicism. To cry out when you are hurt, to shed tears when you are in pain, to gabble and rush about when you are excited, to speak your inmost thoughts aloud, to take out your heart and hand it round for others to examine as if it were a new watch : these are the unpardonable sins. Kisses and caresses are a great bore. Of course, if your womenkind insist on it, you must suffer them, but only under protest. On no account must you respond to any endearments. Your father and your brothers would laugh at you if you did; even your sisters would despise you a little, and condescend to you for ever afterward. Above all must you assume courage and hardihood, though your soul shrivels within you in the face of danger and the flesh seems like to drop from your bones under stress of fatigue. You must be always cool and self-possessed, clean and straight, in body and bearing, as in thought and deed. And if you would not look a fool you must keep perpetual guard and watch upon that unruly member, your tongue. Silence is nearly always dignified; but, since it is necessary to speak sometimes, see that you use only the formulas, the *clichés*,

the slang, that everybody else uses. To express yourself forcefully, picturesquely, or even grammatically—indeed, to express yourself at all—is to be guilty of the worst of bad form. Be as like everybody else in your circle as possible, and you cannot go far wrong (as uncle says). The worst devil you have to fight is your own individuality.

That, or something like it, is the unconscious philosophy of the average public schoolboy.

But the County Council schoolboy has no philosophy at all, conscious or unconscious. He has inherited no traditions whatever, nor has he been trained to any definite habits of mind. He has just happened into the world as a butterfly happens into a garden. He is a creature of pure instinct, as his parents were before him—and are still. He laughs if he is tickled, and he squeals if he is hurt. He blubbers under strokes of misfortune. If he is pleased his joy manifests itself in uncouth gestures and posturings, in hoots and howls and shrieks. When he is angry and revengeful he is not grimly pale and quietly vindictive as the public schoolboy is, but flushed and dishevelled, noisy and violent and ineffectual. When he is afraid, he runs. When he is tired he gives in. He has no code of honour. To escape chastisement he will betray his dearest chum. To avoid punishment he will lie like a Cretan. To win a game he will cheat. And to satisfy his carnal lusts he will rob his mother. (The public schoolboy will steal, too, but only certain things, such as apples from an orchard; he would not pilfer them from a stall; and pastries and preserves from the pantry. Moreover, nobody is much the worse for his depredations; whereas the County Council schoolboy, by his dishonesty, may precipitate a financial crisis.) The County Council schoolboy practises an eclecticism in thievery; and, indeed, rather prefers cash to goods. He has no reticence or self-restraint. He insists upon himself in every moment of his life, in every act and word . . . except when any such blatant self-expression is likely to get him into painful trouble, and then he plays the hypocrite. For hypocrisy comes naturally to him as to all weak, under-vitalised, down-trodden creatures. If he has any guiding principle at all it is contained in that ordinance which exhorts him to order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters—his betters being, of course, the better-clad,

better-housed, and better-nourished people, whom he secretly admires and envies, and openly flouts and derides —from a safe distance.

Deep-rooted in his mind, and in the minds of his parents, is the conviction that all the poor people were created for the convenience and comfort of all the rich people. It is to serve them the better that the County Council schoolboy labours to acquire a fair, round hand-writing, and to master tiresome rules of elementary arithmetic, the multiplication tables, and so on. Those gorgeous others may write as illegibly as they please, and laughingly confess to an utter ignorance of anything so vulgar as fractions. And to the County Council schoolboy's way of thinking that is quite right and seemly. The County Council schoolboy has it firmly fixed in his mind that to be able to do useful things is to acknowledge yourself inferior. Superiority consists in being merely ornamental. His mother is an accomplished cook, she can sew and mend, darn and knit, and launder; but she does not waste her skill upon the members of her own family. His sisters are all good housewives; but they do not squander their housewifery upon the two or three small rooms that they call Home. Father, too, is a good workman: there is hardly any handicraft that he is not proficient in; but the window in the parlour will not open because the sashline is broken, and none of the doors will shut properly because of defects in the locks. And uncle, the tailor, who makes such beautiful clothes for the quality, himself goes shabby; and auntie, who does dressmaking for Madame La Mode in New Burlington Street, is no better than a bundle of rags underneath, according to mother. And yet, to the mind of the County Council schoolboy all these things are as they should be. There is an eternal fitness in this vicarious use of native talents. There is glory, as well as immediate profit, in working for the quality; but to work for oneself—ah, that is to degrade oneself by working for an equal!

This County Council schoolboy, on the verge of fourteen, is a clever boy, the admired of his classmates, the pride of his master. If it were not so he would never become a clerk; he would go to some more menial toil. He has passed the seventh standard, and really knows a great deal. He can read with understanding, and write

good, clear English. He has mastered every rule of arithmetic, from simple addition to cube root; and has, besides, a nodding acquaintance with algebra and some glimmerings of the meaning and purpose of Euclid. He knows the map of the world by heart, carries sections of it in his head like so many splendid visions. And history—the history of his own country, at least—he has stored in that receptive mind of his, that lumber-room of his memory, along with stories out of the Bible, and stories out of the boys' weekly journals, and here and there a fairy tale, and here and there fragments of epic and lyrical poetry, in a bewildering higgledy-piggledy, as one stores the broken, rusty weapons and obsolete armour of a bygone era in some vast, dim, dusty hall of shadows. His attitude toward grammar is peculiar; he can analyse and parse and recite the various declensions as easily as he can say his prayers; but it has not yet come home to him—it will never come home to him—that grammar has any relation to everyday speech, or is anything more than a dry, dead twig of study, bearing no leaf or blossom or fruit of any kind.

That, then, is his academic equipment at the age of fourteen; and not a bad equipment, either. At least he has learned to use the tools of thought. All he wants now is material to work upon.

Unfortunately, however, the only material at his disposal is not of a kind that such delicate tools can fashion into anything worth while. He lacks everything but experience of the sordid side of life. But what he chiefly lacks is incentive, example, the spur of ambition, the driving-force of an ideal.

I have said that he is an ignorant but not an innocent child. His ignorance is part of his heredity. It is in his blood. It is as much a part of him as his features, the colour of his eyes, his hair, the texture of his flesh. He is born to that particular form of ignorance as more gently-bred children are born to certain traditions, certain conventions, a certain sustaining class-consciousness. It is an ignorance that he can never hope to overcome, no matter how he strives or what he achieves. It is an ignorance that cripples and blinds him, warps and stunts him. For it is the ignorance of the serf. It is that worst ignorance of all: ignorance of the art of life.

The public schoolboy may be a degenerate, he may be a fool, he may be unhealthy in mind and body, he may have not one of the qualities of heart and brain which have made the County Council schoolboy a sort of demi-god among his fellows. But . . . he knows how to make the best of himself and of the world in which he finds himself. He has—there is no other phrase—that elusive social attribute called *savoir-faire*. He knows how to do things and how not to do them, when to do them and when not to do them. Despite his manifest and manifold deficiencies he has that queer extra kink in his brain which enables him to know himself as he really is, and, knowing himself, to know all other men. He is, within limits, an amazing judge of character. His judgments are not reasoned judgments: he has never learned to reason; nor do they go very deep, but in the ordinary traffic of every-day social intercourse that is not necessary. It is sufficient that he knows men by a sort of instinct that he shares in common with some of the lower animals, the dog and the cat. He does not need to study men, to spy out their nakedness, to become intimate with them. Indeed, it is only his intimates that he does not always understand. He makes mistakes about intimates, never about strangers. And this is the secret of his supremacy. This is the reason why he can throw brains and culture and learning and force of personality into the opposing scale, and yet pull down the beam. This is the reason why, in the House of Commons, he can sit in seemingly vacuous silence and by merely ignoring the Labour Party lash it into furious ineptitude.

For the Labour Party is the apotheosis of the County Council schoolboy.

That schoolboy is shrewd, sophisticated, cunning, and able. His home-life has been as different from the home-life of the public schoolboy as his accent is. He is well versed in all the domesticities. He knows the price of food and raiment. He knows all about the innumerable mean shifts and petty devices that his parents are put to in order to maintain a roof over their heads and his. He knows all about the pawnshop and the beershop and the tallyman and the relieving officer. He knows all about marital differences and amenities, the uxoriousness of husbands and the fecundity of wives. He knows when his

mother is with child, and why. He hears these matters discussed before him in veiled innuendo, and grins privately, derisively, at the thought of his parents' folly in taking it for granted that he does not understand. He knows everything that a child is supposed not to know, and marvels at the shortness of the old folks' memory which deludes them into ascribing to him an innocence that never was theirs at his age. And all this in an atmosphere of the most gross sentimentality : all this in an atmosphere charged with hysteria, so that anger and pity, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, bickerings and reconciliations, quarrels and kisses, reproaches and tears, blows and laughter, passion and satiety, reveal themselves in all their stark crudity and naked shamelessness before his keen eyes, masquerading in the familiar forms and faces of his own parents.

Compared with him the public schoolboy is innocent indeed, a very child.

And yet the contrast between them is all to the advantage of the public schoolboy, in the purely worldly sense, because of that knowledge of the art of life which he has inherited like an extra sense, and of which the County Council schoolboy does not possess a scintilla.

The County Council schoolboy goes into the world as the early Christians went into the Roman arena to face the lions. He, like the early Christians, has his simple faith in Heaven and Hell. (Religion, which is taboo in the public schoolboy's circle, is a constant topic of conversation in the County Council schoolboy's home, where God and the devil are welcomed like old friends at all times.) He knows his Cathechism and the Ten Commandments, and his Duty Toward God and his Duty Toward His Neighbour. What he does not know is anybody's Duty Toward Himself. He knows that it is wicked to tell lies and to steal. That sums up his working morality. And as he is about to make a fresh start in life he resolves to keep those two commandments, anyway. The others don't seem to matter much. He resolves to keep those two because he has read and been told that if you want to get on in the world you must be good. And he does want to get on. So he enters the office, in shy speechlessness, and takes his seat at his desk, and prepares to do his duty in that state of life, and so on.

Yes; he does want to get on. He is going to work hard. He is going to be faithful, diligent, punctilious, conscientious. He dreams of the day when he will marry his master's daughter and be admitted into partnership. He dreams . . . and awakes to bitter disillusion.

"If a gentleman named Smith calls, tell him I'm out," says his master. "I am always out to Mr. Smith."

"Ye—es, sir," falters the boy.

He is shocked. He has told many lies. But this is different. This accords ill with his conception of the way of life of the heroes of Mr. Samuel Smiles' *Self-Help*, and his notions concerning all the other heroes who have risen from small beginnings to dizzy heights of prosperity. They were all good, God-fearing boys. He recalls George Washington. What would George Washington have done in his place? Would he have said: "I cannot tell a lie, sir"? Probably. But the wondering, trembling office-boy knows that he could never say such a thing to such an important personage as his master. And if he did? Why, then, he would get the sack. He would go home in disgrace. And then? What would his mother and his father say? Would it avail him anything if he told them that he had been dismissed because he could not tell a lie? Theoretically his parents are all for an immaculate truthfulness. But the boy knows that they would be terribly annoyed with him all the same, and all the more annoyed because he could confound them with his airs of rectitude. He projects his mind into an imaginary future, and sees his mother purse her lips and hears her say: "Don't tell me. You ain't going to be so wonderful truthful all of a sudden, my lad. You've been up to something or other, I'll be bound. Ah, well! We'll just wait and see what your father has got to say about it when he comes home. . . . Throwing away six shillings a week!" And then the boy sees his father, frowning and spluttering, as he takes down the strap. . . .

"I'm sorry, sir," he says to Mr. Smith, "but the guv'nor's out."

"When will he be back?" asks Mr. Smith.

"I don't know, sir," answers the boy, who knows well enough.

And then he goes back to his slippery stool, and ponders heavily.

"I say," exclaims his fellow-clerk—they two are alone in the office—"have you ever played shove-ha'penny?"

The boy shakes his head.

"Well," says the other, "the guv'nor's out, and the manager won't be back for a couple of hours. I'll teach you."

This other clerk is a full-grown man. He has a moustache. He wears a bobtail coat. He reeks of tobacco, and occasionally beer. A day or two ago the boy was terribly in awe of him. Something of that first feeling has passed, but still there is a lingering reverence left.

"We'll have to be careful, you know," says the clerk. "Wouldn't do to be copped. So I may as well tell you straightaway how me and the other boy used to work the oracle. We got a lot of big deeds and things, you see, and put them handy here on the desk. And then, if anybody bursts in sudden, we can cover up the coins with them till we get a chance to put things right again. See?"

The boy nods.

"Chuck-farthing, too," says the clerk, beaming. "That's not bad, either. But shove-ha'penny, for a start—eh?"

So he instructs the boy in the game of "shove-ha'penny." And presently teaches him other things. He teaches him to box, with dusters for gloves. He teaches him fencing, with rulers. He shows him how pens can be converted into darts, and how a blotting-pad, rightly used, makes an admirable target. In more expansive moods he displays his athletic prowess in other directions for the boy's delight and improvement. He performs feats of strength with chairs and ledgers and the copying-press. He juggles with balls of twine and blocks of india-rubber and paper-weights. Very soon the boy loses all respect for him, but at the same time grows to like him. They become good friends. The clerk expands more and more. Confides to the boy lurid details of his past. Tells him all about the manager's past. And the guv'nor's. And the various clients'. The boy begins to perceive that there is much assorted wickedness in the world as well as in books:

the same kind of wickedness. He has faint hankerings after wickedness himself. It seems so jolly.

Thus he enters upon his career.

But this office is not at all the kind of place that he has pictured as the likely venue of his first round with destiny. He has imagined, his fancy being stimulated by certain illustrations in old novels, a fusty, dusty apartment, dark and close-pent, full of cobwebs and romance, wherein he would sit on a high stool at a high desk, the last diminutive human item in a long row of other clerks whose stature and years increased in a gradual crescendo until they culminated in some august being only a little less awfully important than the supreme head of the firm. Instead, he has to be content with rather a comfortable seat at an immense table. And instead of being doomed to a daily drudgery from which there is no relief whatever, he finds that he has plenty of leisure and many diversions.

And he is disappointed.

For this is far easier work than he has ever had to do at school, and much more delightful play than he has ever taken part in out of school. He enjoys both the work and the play better than he has ever enjoyed anything in his life before. It is only when, between whiles, he reflects that there can be but little scope in such a luxurious environment, and in such an enervating atmosphere, for the exercise of any of those sterner virtues and more strenuous qualities by which he has hoped and vowed to fight his way doggedly on, slowly but surely, to some giddy pinnacle of worldly success, that he feels disappointment. He foresees, at such times, that here he will have no chance at all of putting up any sort of battle against those obstacles in the way of youthful advancement that he has read so much and heard so much and been taught so much about ever since he was old enough to leave off sucking his thumb and sit up and take notice. No such obstacles exist in this smooth, even path, bordered with flowers and shaded with trees, that his feet are now set upon. No temptations assail, no evil companions beguile him as in the story-books. He sits, warm and snug and cosy, with nothing to do but a few trivial tasks, with no field for individual enterprise but the roaring streets wherein he sometimes strolls with letters and messages, with nothing to fear but the dissolu-

tion of the business, and nothing to hope for or push forward to but the impassable clerkly rubicon of forty-bob-a-week.

And so it comes to pass that whenever duty calls the manager out of doors, as it does rather often and for hours at a stretch in fine weather, "shove-ha'penny," "chuck-farthing," "nap," and "crib" and other pastimes are engaged in as a matter of course, and continued with a few boresome intermissions of work so long as they two are alone.

Still, there are times when the boy reflects on his facile transgressions of that stern code of honourable service in which he has been trained and drilled, and to which he had meant to conform so faithfully; and then his conscience aches and smarts like an open sore, and his poor, wounded self-esteem seems as if it must bleed to death. And yet, as he asks fearfully of the silence, sometimes: How can he help himself? The temptation to backslide has come to him in such innocent guise, so insidiously. The other clerk made so little bones about it when he first proposed that fatal game of "shove-ha'penny" that to offer any objection would have been to imply a reproach, to adopt the Pharisaical attitude of a self-righteous prig. For surely if the clerk can see no harm in wasting his master's time, it is not for the office-boy to set himself up as the moral superior of one who is so much older, and must therefore be so much wiser, than a mere boy newly emancipated from the thraldom of school and the indignity of knickerbockers. Then, again, he has been a little dazzled and overwhelmed by this astounding condescension of a grown man toward him. He has always supposed that grown men never played games—games of such a paltry, makeshift kind, at any rate. And so, before he has had time to make up his mind to say "No" his lips have said "Yes," and he is in for another fall from grace, and rather enjoying the fruits of his fall than otherwise.

"But do you think we ought to?" he musters up pluck enough to ask the clerk on a morning ensuing upon a night of soul-searching.

"Eh?" cried the clerk, looking slightly aggrieved. "Why," with a noisy, mirthless laugh, "of course we ought not to. But that only makes it more of a luxury like—

see? I'd no more think of doing this sort of thing if I had a perfect right to do it than I would think of playing hop-scotch or bowling a hoop in the streets. But you must do something you ain't paid to do, even if there was enough work here to keep us all three going hard at it all the time. Which there isn't. Or old Sharp wouldn't spend half his time in calling on people he knows are out, and so on. . . . Your go, or mine?"

The boy is silenced, though not convinced. As the first and the second year pass a sickening distaste for his appointed occupation in life grows slowly upon him. His duties are as sordidly bestial as they are ridiculously light. A porcine grubbing of the nose among a litter of fine things gone crooked and wrong. Affections reduced to pounds, shillings, and pence. Ideals compounded for so much down. No wonder that they who serve the brazen serpent are a soulless crew, abusing the idol they have themselves set up.

It is a life of mean pretence and sorry affectation, in which everybody strives to appear other than he is—richer in golden gear, poorer in principle. He and his fellow-clerks brag of their uncles who are baronets, of the fortunes they are to inherit or have been cheated out of. They brag of their *liaisons* that they have borrowed from penny weeklies. When Jones is not present they talk about his dirty cuffs, about his mother who is a charwoman, about his lodging in a noisome slum. They think it fine to have a headache in the morning. They are as full of scandalous innuendo as a club smoking-room. They are as jealous of one another as so many lap-dogs. Whilst, behind their backs, they abuse the men whose money buys their daily bread, they truckle before their faces like very hinds. They are quite nasty. And even to think about them leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

But our office-boy has leisure in which to find surcease from all this fluffy pitifulness. And surely that is a blessed privilege. A blessed or an accursed? It is a question of opportunity and sophistication. How does he spend his leisure after six o'clock, when the pens are laid aside, and the ledgers restored to their musty recesses?

To begin, the boy is growing—if not in wisdom, at least in stature. We see him, at spasmodic intervals, try-

ing pathetically to patch up some of the holes in his mental equipment, as well as his boggling means permit. We see him attending a Night School, science courses, classes in the Pompous This and the Harmless, Unnecessary That. But, maybe, it is all discipline. He contracts only a fatty degeneration of the head, nothing worse.

Also, he reads, and thinks. But he does not do too much thinking—except about food.

For he is always hungry in these days. Whilst he stabs his desk with his pen, or invents new combinations on the typewriter, he holds consultations with his belly, and is surprised by its confidences. His dinner-hour, save only on Mondays, and occasionally a miraculous Tuesday, resolves itself into a Walk Round. Cheapside and that neighbourhood is what he has for lunch, as a rule, if he does not filch a penny or two from the stamp-box, and gorge himself with biscuits or apples, whichever is most filling at the price, according to the season. He feeds on architecture, mainly. It is a well-established joke in the office. "For lunch to-day?" "Oh, just a little Poultry, don't you know, with omelette *à la* Saint Paul's to follow." He envies the pigeons that fair damsels feed so bounteously on morsels of succulent pastry in the Guildhall courtyard. His hunger pursues him like a devouring demon. It taps him on the shoulder, chuckles temptation in his ear, points out easy short cuts to the Shilling Ordinary. He meets other youths—wan and haggard as he is—chewing toothpicks magnificently to keep their jaws in fighting trim against the improbability of a tussle with food. Up and down the City Road as far as Shoreditch High Street, round and round the Royal Exchange with its sardonic legend: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" —but the emptiness is his!—in and out, and back and forth he goes, a wandering, wistful derelict, a nuisance and a derision unto honest factory-folk carving shamelessly at mountains of bread and meat, whistling as he passes by, "The penny on the Can." This, too, is discipline of a sort, maybe; but he would barter his immortal soul—invites Old Nick to deal, in fact, many and many a time—for one assured, sustaining midday meal.

Then comes evening and the long walk home. A muddy spatter of similar boys and men goes raying out to

the environs, ravenous for victuals. There is usually a hotpot for our office-boy, and he sits and eats and distends himself. Afterwards, he lolls over the fire, too spent to weave into warp and woof the stuff that his day-dreams are made of. But if the evening is fine he may go out, to stroll with other youths on the local Monkey Parade, and wink at the girls, though as yet he shrinks from contact with them.

On Saturday he has silver to jingle in his pouch. Not a great deal of it, but sufficient to rub one coin against another. Sufficient to buy a packet of cheap cigarettes. And then a perplexing problem arises : how to produce the cigarettes without exposing the crumpled paper package that should by every law of eternal fitness be an elegant morocco-case? It is useless to pretend to have left that case at home. That were to court disconcerting allusions. Some egregious ass will be sure to remark, as he sticks a white cylinder in his face : " Left my case on the pianner. Baw ! "

On Saturday afternoons in summer there is cricket; and after the exciting match is lost or won, a stroll through the High Street, and once more winking at the girls. Still, our office-boy dare not accost them, although he is so terribly handsome and dashing in his white flannels, and although they seem disposed to waive formalities. He does not hold with girls, he says.

It is all very innocent. He does not dissipate himself. And this is not from a lack of opportunity : there is always opportunity. He neither gambles nor drinks. He swears a little, from sheer excess of high spirits; and he promises himself a devil of a time in the years to come. In secret he is learning to smoke a pipe.

He is a man in everything but years, which even yet number only twenty-one. He ceases to be an office-boy : he has long described himself as a junior clerk. Now, at last, he becomes a full-fledged clerk. He moves to the opposite side of the table, and another boy, like unto his former self, sits where he used to sit. After a period of agonised indecision he throws discretion to the winds and teaches this boy " shove-ha'penny " and " chuck-farthing " and " nap " and " crib." He exhibits his prowess in the same feats of strength and the same forms of juggling for

the delight of this boy as were performed years ago for his delight.

He marries. His marriage is, like most of the other important events of his life, a fortuitous happening. He has never been in love with his wife. To love one must be free, and he has always been a slave. To love one must have a soul to call one's own, and his soul is not his own.

He met the girl on the Monkey Parade. He philandered with her, as he had philandered with a dozen others. But this girl was a man-hunter. She was taking no risks. Having marked down her quarry, she fastened teeth and claws in him, and held him fast, not so much by virtue of her own tenacity as by his lack of any power of resistance. He has meekly succumbed to the force of circumstances, in this as in every other crisis of his life. She hales him home, an unwilling captive, and exhibits him to her parents, her brothers and sisters, her friends and relatives. He feels vaguely that he is, in a sense, trapped—that this girl is not the woman he had planned to share his life with. But she is sufficiently comely; she wears her moods as she wears her clothes—to suit the day and the occasion; she is masterful enough and submissive enough to work her will upon him as she chooses. And then she is, after all, a woman. She offers him, by the mere obtrusion of her sex upon his consciousness, something that he dimly feels is necessary to the completion of his manhood. Moreover, his vanity is tickled. He feels that he is the conquering male. And he looks forward to the tremendous accession of dignity which must accrue to him as husband, the head of a household, a father.

So he marries her. Of the bleak grey dawn that opens on the morrow of the passionate night of his first rapturous transports one may only take passing cognisance. But, long since, he has become inured to disillusion. His incurable sentimentality still endures, under thick layers of unconscious cynicism; and this sentimentality his wife is wise enough to keep alive. Her old fond contempt for him as her lover and captive has changed to something a little finer and more gracious than contempt. She has now become the protecting female. Her feeling toward him is rather motherly than wifely. He is such a nincompoop,

poor dear! He is so feeble, so helpless, so utterly dependent upon her. She pities him for his weakness with the pity that is akin to love, but not the love that poets sing.

And he? His only remaining ambition is now satisfied. He is a husband, the head of a household, a prospective father. He has nothing else left to live for. But to live has become with him a sort of aimless habit, and he goes on, as the back wheel of the guard's brake goes on behind the engine, far ahead, drawn by an irresistible impulse, he knows not whither.

"These damn little clerks . . .," says one of Mr. H. G. Wells' characters in *The War of the Worlds*, animadverting against them, savagely. "They haven't any spirit in them—no proud dreams and no proud lusts; and a man who hasn't one or the other—Lord! what is he but funk and precautions? They just used to skedaddle off to work—I've seen hundreds of 'em, bit of breakfast in hand, running wild and shining to catch their little season-ticket train, for fear they'd get dismissed if they didn't; working at businesses they were afraid to take the trouble to understand; skedaddling back for fear they wouldn't be in time for dinner; keeping indoors after dinner for fear of the back-streets; and sleeping with the wives they married, not because they wanted them, but because they had a bit of money that would make for safety in their one little miserable skedaddle through the world. Lives insured and a bit invested for fear of accidents. And on Sundays—fear of the Hereafter. As if hell was built for rabbits! . . ."

Love in the Ould Counthry

By Frances Burke-Hart

Paddy O'Connor was leaning against the cabin wall in the flickering April sunshine. His pipe was set firmly between his teeth, his hat pushed well back from his pleasant face, with its grey eyes and blunt features. A motherly old pig was grunting contentedly in the sunlight, and the usual ragged hens picked over the rubbish-heap. Paddy looked at them irritably. He thought them unnecessarily thin and unprofitable; and the more he reflected, the more this fact seemed confirmed in his mind. However, with that marvellous versatility which is the birthright of every true-born Celt, Paddy's serious train of thought was but short lived; and almost before he was aware of the fact himself, he was walking across the uninteresting piece of bogland that led to his neighbour's farm. His step had become light, and he moved with the air of a man who, after a brief mistrust of himself, has regained confidence. Now and again he smiled; and, raising his hand at intervals, pushed his hat first to one side and then to the other. His expression became more and more satisfied as inwardly he contemplated the happy issue of this particular visit to his neighbour's abode.

He was going to make a formal proposal for the hand of Norah Moriarty, whom he had been courting, according to precedent provided, for the past two years.

Moriarty was a "strong" farmer, owning cows of a superior strain, and Norah was considered the best catch of the neighbourhood; so Paddy concluded that if he got with her, as dower, a certain little black heifer, a couple of sheep, a pig or two, and a matter of ten pounds, he should be doing very well indeed and would be able to abandon the idea he had once entertained of seeking his fortune in some new country abroad.

Norah was in the doorway, looking out; but when she saw Paddy coming along, she feigned not to notice him

and coyly withdrew. Accordingly, when he knocked gently at the door, she answered his query with well-assumed affectation of surprise.

"An' sure, 'tis yerself now, Mr. O'Connor," she said, opening a pair of sweet blue-grey eyes at him; "'tis right glad we are to see ye; for fayther was afthur sayin' what a stranger ye were, so he was."

Paddy took his lead from her, and replied with the air of possessing an equal knowledge of etiquette.

"'Tis busy I've been with the praties, Miss Moriarty," he replied. "An' is yer fayther within?"

Norah stood back and shot Paddy one swift look of affection that was by no means lost upon him.

"He is," she replied politely. "An' so maybe ye'll be incloined to walk in. 'Tis plased indade fayther'll be to see ye."

Paddy stepped inside, and for the first time suffered his glance to penetrate across the room to where old Moriarty sat smoking by the fire.

At the sound of footsteps the old man turned, and taking his pipe from between his teeth he beckoned the young man forward.

"Come in, Paddy, m' bhoy," he said cheerily. "Sure, I was afthur thinkin' ye'd gone to Americay or some sich place seein' that we hadn't seen ye for so long."

"Americay!" repeated Paddy with infinite scorn. "I thank ye no. Th' ould counthry's good enou' for me; an' I'm no wantin' to lave it, leastways not for the *present*, Mr. Moriarty."

Moriarty was a small, wrinkled-faced old man with the vivid blue eyes, long chin, and hard mouth so common in Ireland; and Norah's brilliant colouring did not by any means conceal her resemblance to her parent, though the mouth was softened by youth and a sweet temper; and now the knowledge of her lover's immediate presence brought a new light to her eyes and a rare flush to her cheeks, giving her an almost singular beauty.

Between the men there was silence for a few minutes. Each was inwardly taking the measure of the other; and after a little reflection each began to feel his ground by preliminary remarks about the weather and the crops. Norah made the tea, and during the meal matters seemed

to get a trifle easier. The strain slackened somewhat, so that when the cups were cleared away and pipes had been refilled a suggestion was made that they should walk out and have a look at the stock.

Paddy lingered behind a minute, and in that time managed to steal a kiss, to which proceeding Norah made no great resistance. She only blushed and shot a quick, questioning look from under her long dark lashes.

"M' darlint," whispered Paddy, "an' doan't you knaw why I've come now?"

"An' shure why should I, seein' as ye've niver tawld me?" said Norah, with a sweet coquettish glance upwards.

"Bedad," exclaimed Paddy with undue ardour, "an' aren't the eyes av me tellin' ye ivery toime I look at ye? Shure an' 'tis short o' rason ye must be if ye can't see that m' very heart's on fire!"

"Sich talk indade now," said Norah, with all a woman's delight in tantalising the man who adores her. "An' shure if I'm not thinkin' there's not a colleen in all Galway ye haven't tawld the same."

Paddy looked wistful.

"Shure an' if ye doan't delight in stirrin' up the flames, too," he replied, with just a suggestion of reproach. "Sorra a colleen that's iver set m' heart on fire. 'Tis naught but yerself. So 'tis now."

And taking courage from her attitude, he put his arm round her waist.

"Hould now!" exclaimed Norah, pushing him gently away, "an' get along wi' ye or faythcr'll be back askin' what's detainin' ye."

"An' Paddy O'Connor would be afthur tellin' him pretty quickly!" was the prompt retort. And as Norah looked up with an expression of surprise, Paddy managed to steal another kiss.

"Have done, Mr. O'Connor," said Norah, striving to speak calmly; at the same time pleased that her heart was beating faster and her face more than usually flushed. "Have done, I tell ye!"

But Paddy never moved. He only held her more firmly than before.

"Faith an' 'tis the prettiest maid in all Galway ye are,"

he whispered tenderly. "'Tis a handsome pair we'll make. Shure 'tis!"

Norah looked up with wide-open, eloquent eyes.

"'Tis nonsense yer talkin'," she declared. "An' I'm afthur thinkin' that some folks are mightily conceated!"

"Some folks have rason to be," he replied softly. And at Norah's questioning look, "Aye, 'tis yerself I'm manin'," he continued, nodding his head knowingly. "Shure, ivery toime I look down upon ye, yer eyes play the very divil wi' m' senses. Shure they do now!"

"Paddy!"

With that she pushed him in the direction of the door and ran into the inner room.

Moriarty was leaning against a low stone wall puffing leisurely at his pipe and quietly surveying a group of fine cows browsing on the short sweet pasture below. He neither moved nor turned his head as Paddy approached.

"Shure, thim's as foine bastes as ye'd see in all Galway, so they are now," he said, with infinite complacence.

"I'll not be for contradictin' ye, Mr. Moriarty," said Paddy, as he looked with envious eyes over the well-bred animals; an' I suppose, Mr. Moriarty, ye'd be for givin' the bhoy who married Norah one av 'em?"

"I moight be thinkin' of givin' Norah a good dowry if she was for marryin' a dacint bhoy wi' a thrifle av his awn," was the stolid reply.

Paddy went cautiously.

"I'm wonderin' whether Mike O'Brien should have been tellin' ye that I was thinkin' o' settlin' down," hazarded the lover.

Moriarty still never removed his glance from the cows.

"Shure, an' I belave there was some talk av it," was the somewhat indifferent reply.

Paddy didn't feel encouraged. His task was turning out more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Mr. Moriarty," he said at length. "I was for thinkin' as how m'self an' Norah moight make a match av it. What are ye for sayin'?"

"Shure, an' Norah's a foine girl, so she is," returned the old man casually. "'Tis more than wan bhoy as would like Norah. She's a foine standin' girl, tho' 'tis but little

fortin' I could be givin' wi' her, seeing as stock is cheap and the praties have been afthur takin' the rot!"

"I'm thinkin' ye'd loike to see her settled," suggested the lover. "Maybe I needn't be tellin' ye that I've a thrifle av m'awn in the bank."

Moriarty's only comment was a grunt.

"More than that," continued Paddy, "there's no pasture in all Galway to bate that bit beyant m' house, an' thin there's m' ould uncle over in Americay wi' never a chick nor child to lave all his money to when he's called home to glory. What do ye say now?"

The old man turned suddenly. "Paddy, m' bhoy," he exclaimed, "yer a rale dacint lad. I always said ye were. A *rale dacint* bhoy. An' between oursilves there's not another in all Galway as I'd sooner have for Norah than yersilf."

Paddy held out his hand. "'Tis a bargin, thin?" he queried. And, as if an afterthought had struck him: "Mr. Moriarty," he added cautiously, "shure, a man loike yersilf wouldn't be thinkin' twice about givin' yer daughter a pound or two wi' her fortin' an' a couple o' sheep—say four or six—an' a brace o' heifers?"

"Paddy O'Connor," he said deliberately, "ye doan't knaw me. Niver shall it be said that ould Moriarty sthripped hissilf afore he went to bed. But seein' as I loike ye, we'll not be afthur barterin'. We'll agree to a matter o' foive pounds in her stockin', four sheep, half-a-dozen hins, wi' the ould cock thrown in for luck!"

Paddy smiled contemptuously. "Shure, an' yer talkin' nonsense," he declared. "I tell ye that Patsy O'Grady was for offerin' tin pounds wi' his Bridget, not to mentin' a few sheep an' a pig!"

"Biddy O'Grady, indade!" repeated Moriarty with equal scorn. "Shure, an' her nose points heavenwards an' her eyes have quarrelled as well, so they have. An' 'tis no good at all she is wi' the poultry. Why, Norah has all her chickens in the market long afore O'Grady's hins be sittin'. So she has."

Paddy nodded his head with an air of indulgence.

"I'm not denyin' that Norah's a foine girl," he said deliberately; "but for all that, I couldn't be takin' her wi' less than six sheep an' a couple av heifers."

The old man took his pipe from between his teeth and drew his sleeve across his mouth. Meanwhile he was thinking hard. Paddy's attitude was not quite what he had anticipated; but with all the cuteness of his race he would never appear in the light of vanquished.

"Look here, m' bhoy," he said at length, with a well-feigned air of generosity, "'tis a foine bhoy ye are, an' I loike ye well. As I've tawld ye, there's not a lad as I'd sooner have for Norah than yersilf. So that being settled, I'll go wan better than m' word. I'll give Norah foive sheep, the cock an' hins, an' the little red cow down there beyant."

Paddy's lips curled with disgust, and he half turned away. "If 'tis that ould lame scarecrow yer for afferin' me, 'tis wastin' yer breath ye are," he said. "Shure, 'tis past milkin' she is, an' her bones loike clothespegs. No thank ye, Mr. Moriarty, I'm not lookin' for somethin' to hang m' hat upon just yet."

Moriarty turned, his face flushed with anger. "The blessed saints harken to ye!" he cried. "Why, the dumb baste's only just turned six, an' 'tis a splendid milker she is when she's in season. "'Tis mad ye must be to spake so. So 'tis now!"

Paddy closed one eye knowingly. "I'm not denyin' she's dumb," he replied, "for shure if she could spake she'd tell us her age; but I'm thinkin' she'll niver see fifteen agin in this world; an' thank the blessed saints m' memory's good an m' eyesight too," he added.

The old man made a gesture of impatience. He pointed at Paddy with his pipe. "Look here, Paddy," said he, "'tis annoying me ye are. But that being declared, niver shall it be said that old Moriarty was mane where his only daughter was concarned. So I'll throw in a pair o' blankets an' a couple av geese, wi' the ould gander to kape 'em company. Are ye satisfied?"

"'Tis far from being a bargain," said Paddy quickly," "an' if ye'd not be moinding, Mr. Moriarty, I'll be going. There's lots to be done, an'——."

Moriarty affected not to notice. "'Tis I'm not understandin' ye at all," he continued. "Ye say 'tis real fond av the girl ye are. Shure, if there wasn't Dennis Rafferty, he was for takin' her wi' no cow at all, that he was."

Paddy swung round. His face was livid with rage and pent-up feeling. "Dennis Rafferty, indade," he roared. "Doan't you be afthur spaking his name in m' hearin'. A moighty foine husband he'd be for any dacint girl. Aren't the plice for iver afthur him, and doan't ye knaw as 'tis gaol'll be his home before long; and beggin' yer pardon," continued Paddy in a somewhat subdued tone, "'tis not for Norah ye be wantin' Dennis Rafferty."

Moriarty thought for a moment. He fancied this might carry a certain amount of weight in the argument.

"Well, I'm not for exactly *wishin'* it," he said at length, "but I was for tellin' ye that Norah'll not go beggin'. That was all."

Paddy spoke with infinite condescension. "I'm lettin' ye off lightly," he said. "Shure, ye'll agree that I'm not demandin' m' due in askin' for so little."

Moriarty's face reddened perceptibly. "Why the devil doan't ye ask for the cabin an' all!" he cried. "I'm wonderin' whether that'd be yer due. *Due* indade! 'Tis talkin' through the back of yer head ye be. Shure, an' isn't Norah the best catch in all Galway. Maybe ye'll be for statin' what is yer due. Saints take me if I knaw."

Paddy put up his hand with a soothing gesture. "Doan't be for gettin' angry, Mr Moriarty," he said in a quiet tone. "I'm not denyin' all yer sayin'. But business is business, an' seemingly we doan't see wi' the same eyes. Look here, now, throw in the little black heifer an' I'll say done!"

But the old man's mouth only became more set and harder than ever. "Niver! Niver!" he cried vehemently. "I'm for offerin' ye no more. There's the girl wi' a foine stock av clothes—all that was her mother's, dead these tin years since—an' thim little hins be divils to lay. An' there's the ould four poster I moight be thinkin' o' sparin'."

"The little black heifer?" asked Paddy with characteristic persistence.

"The red cow if ye loike," declared the old man curtly.

"The little black heifer?" said Paddy again.

Moriarty waved his hand with a gesture of dismissal. "Yer wastin' yer toime," he said. But as Paddy never moved, "If the girl was bandy-legged or had a squint, ye couldn't be askin' more," he added. "An' I'll be wishin' ye

good mornin', Mr. O'Connor. M' daughter'll not be long in foinding a husband. I'll see to that. Ye'll niver hear it said that Norah Moriarty was left on the shilf."

Paddy had moved away, but looked back over his shoulder. That backward shot was one he positively could not resist.

"Some men be moightily easily plased, an' soon contínted," he said.

"Good-day t' ye!" said Moriarty in return.

So with his cap pulled down over his eyes, Paddy again retraced his steps across the bogland. His heart was heavy and his footsteps none too light. He had counted so surely on success, that it was difficult to really comprehend the greatness of his failure. The old idea of going to America came back to him; and then immediately there followed a feeling of homesickness and loneliness. Meanwhile, in the doorway of the cabin stood Norah, her cheeks aglow, her eyes filled with a troubled and perplexed expression. She put her hand to her heart and longed for her lover to return and explain the strangeness of his going. But Paddy was Irish; and with all the obstinacy characteristic of his race he kept straight on. And so Norah turned once more indoors, feeling troubled and confused.

In Early Winter*

By Stijn Streuvels

First, the leaves had become pale, deathly pale; later, they turned yellow-brown; and then they went fluttering and flickering, so wearily, so slackly, like the wings of dying birds; and, one after the other, they began to fall, dancing gently downwards, in eddies. They whirled round in the air, were carried on by the wind and at last they fell dead and settled somewhere in the mud.

Not a living being was to be seen and the cottages that sat huddled close to the ground remained fast shut; the smoke from the chimneys alone still gave a sign of life.

The green drove now stood bare and bleak: two rows of straight trunks which grew less and faded away in the blue mist.

Yonder comes something creeping up: a shapeless thing, like two little black stripes, with something else; and it approaches. . . .

At last and at length, out of those little stripes, appear a man and a wife; and, out of the other thing, a barrel-organ on a cart, with a dog between the wheels.

It all looked the worse for wear. The little fellow went bent between the shafts and pulled; the little old woman's lean arms pushed against the organ-case; and the wheeled thing jolted on like that over the cart-ruts, along the drove and through the wide gate of an honest homestead.

A flight of black crows sailed through the sky. The wind soughed through the naked tree-tops; the mist rose and the world thinned away in a bluey haze; this all vanished and slowly it became dark black night.

Man, woman and dog, they crept, all three, high into the loft and deep into the hay; and they dozed away, like all else outside and around. Warm they lay there! And dream

* Translated from the West-Flemish dialect by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A., 1904, by Paul R. Reynolds.

they did, of the cold, of the dark and of the sad moaning wind!

At early morning, before it was bright day, they were on the tramp, over the fallow fields, and drowned in a huge sea of thick blue mist. They pulled for all they could, the little fellow in the shafts, the little old woman behind the cart and the dog, with his head to the ground, for the road's sake.

A red glow broke in the east and it cleared up a new day. 'Twas all white, snow-white, as if the blue mist had bleached, melted and stuck fast on the black fields, the half-withered autumn fruits and the dark fretwork of the trees. Great drops dripped from the boughs.

The fellow peered, from under the peak of his cap, with his one eye, into the distance, and he saw houses—and a church. They went that way.

'Twas low-roofed cottages and hoar-frosted; here and there stood one alone and then a whole little row, crowded close together: a street.

They were in the village.

It was lone and still, like a cloister, with, here, a little woman, who, tucked into her hooded cloak, crept along the houses to the church; there, a smith, who hammered—and the little church-bell, which tinkled over the house-tops.

They stopped. The dog sat down to look. The little fellow threw off his shoulder-strap, pulled his cap down lower and felt under the red-brown organ-cloth for the handle. He gave a look at the houses that stood before him, he pinched his sunken mouth, he wiped the seam of his sleeve over his face and he started grinding. Half-numbed sounds came dropping into the chill street from under the organ-cloth: a sad—once, perhaps, dance-provoking—tune, which now, false, dragging and quite twisted, was like a muddled crawling of sounds all jumbled together; some came too soon, the others too late, as in a wearyful dream; and, in between, a sighing and a creaking which came from very deep down, at each third or fourth turn, and were deadened again at once in those ever-recurring coarse organ-sounds or dragged on and deafened in a mad dance. 'Twas like a poor little huddled soul uttering its plaint amid the hullabaloo of rough men shouting aloud in the street.

The dog also had begun to howl when the tune started.

The little wife had settled her kerchief above her sharp old wife's face; and, with one hand in her apron-pocket and the other holding a little tin can, she now went from door to door:

"For the poor blind man. . . . God reward you."

And this through the whole street and farther, to the farmhouses, from the one to the other, all day long, till evening fell again and that same thick mist came to wrap everything in its grey, dark breath.

And again they wandered, through a drove, to a homestead and into the hay.

"The dog has pupped," said the little old woman; and she shook her man.

"Pupped? . . ."

And he turned in his nest, he pushed his head deeper in the hay and drowsed on. He dreamt of dogs and of pups and of organs and of ear-splitting yelps and howls.

The dog lay in a fine, round little nest, rolled into a ball, moaning. And he* looked so sadly and kindly into the little old woman's eyes; and he licked, never stopped licking his puppies. They were like three red-brown moles, each with a fat head; they wriggled their thick little bodies together and sought about and squeaked.

When the tramps had swallowed their slice of rye-bread and their dish of porridge, they went on, elsewhither. The little fellow pulled, the little old woman pushed and the dogs hung swinging between the wheels, in a fig-basket. So they went begging, from hamlet to hamlet, the wide world through: two old people, with their organ; and a dog with his three little pups.

* * * * * *

Much later.

The thick mist had changed into bright, glittering dew-drops and the sun shone high in the heaven. Now four dogs lay harnessed to the cart, four red-brown dogs. And, when the handle turned and the organ played, all those four dogs lifted their noses on high and howled uglily.

Inside, deep-hidden under the organ-cloth, sat the little soul, the mysterious, shabby little organ-soul, grown quite hoarse now and almost dumb.

* The West-Fleming talks of dogs of either sex invariably as "he."

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Healing of Nations (ii)

By Edward Carpenter

In continuation of my article in last month's English Review on "The Roots of the War," I will now indicate some of the conclusions which I think should follow.

It is true that if the Allies win there is no alternative but to reduce Germany to such a condition that her insane Militarism shall be put *hors de combat* for long years to come. There is no alternative, because she has revealed her hand too clearly as a menace—if she should prevail—of barbarous force to the whole world. It is this menace which has roused practically the whole world against her. And there is this amount of good in the situation, namely, that while, with the victory of Germany, a German "terror" might be established through the world, with the victory of the Allies, neither England, nor France, nor Russia, nor little Belgium, nor any other country, could claim a final credit and supremacy. With the latter victory we shall be freed from the nightmare-claim of any one nation's world-empire.

But in order to substantiate this result England must also abdicate her claim. She must abdicate her mere crass insistence on commercial supremacy. The "Nation of Shopkeepers" theory, which has in the past made her the hated of other nations, which has created within her borders a vulgar and ill-smelling class—the repository of much arrogant wealth—must cease to be the standard of her life. I have before me at this moment a manifesto of "The British Empire League," patronised by royalty and the dukes—and of which Lord Rothschild is treasurer. The constitution of the League was framed in 1895; and I note with regret that positively the five "principal objects of the League" mentioned therein have solely to do with the extension and facilitation of Britain's trade, and the

"co-operation of the military and naval forces of the Empire with a special view to the due protection of the trade routes." Not a word is said *in the whole manifesto* about the human and social responsibilities of this vast Empire; not a word about the guardianship and nurture of native races, their guidance and assistance among the pitfalls of civilisation; not a word about the principles of honour and just dealing with regard to our civilised neighbour-nations in Europe and elsewhere; not a word about the political freedom and welfare of all classes at home. One rubs one's eyes, and looks at the document again; but it is so. Its one inspiration is—Trade. Seeing that, I confess to a sinking of the heart. Can we blame Germany for struggling at all costs to enlarge her borders, when *that* is what the British Empire means?

Until we rise, as a nation, to a conception of what we mean by our national life, finer and grander than a mere counting of trade-returns, what can we expect save disaster after disaster to bring us to our senses?

Possibly in the conviction that she is fighting for a worthy object (the ending of militarism), and in the determination (if sincerely carried out) of once more playing her part in the world as the protector of small nations, Britain may find her salvation, and a cause which will save her soul. It is certainly encouraging to find that there is a growing feeling in favour of the recognition and rehabilitation of the small peoples of the world. If it is true that Britain by her grasping Imperial Commercialism in the past (and let us hope that period *is* past) has roused jealousy and hatred among the other nations, equally is it true that Germany to-day, by her dreams of world-conquest, has been rousing hatred and fear. But the day has gone by of world-empires founded on the lust of conquest, whether that conquest be military or commercial. The modern peoples surely are growing out of dreams so childish as that. The world-empire of Goethe and Beethoven is even now far more extensive, far more powerful, than that which Wilhelm II. and his Junkers are seeking to encompass. There is something common, unworthy, in the effort of domination; and while the Great Powers have thus vulgarised themselves, it is the little countries who have gone forward in the path of progress.

"In modern Europe what do we not owe to little Switzerland, lighting the torch of freedom six hundred years ago, and keeping it alight through all the centuries when despotic monarchies held the rest of the European Continent? And what to free Holland, with her great men of learning and her painters surpassing those of all other countries save Italy? So the small Scandinavian nations have given to the world famous men of science, from Linnæus downwards, poets like Tegner and Björnson, scholars like Madvig, dauntless explorers like Fridtjof Nansen. England had, in the age of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, a population little larger than that of Bulgaria to-day. The United States, in the days of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Hamilton and Marshall, counted fewer inhabitants than Denmark or Greece." *

In all their internal politics and social advancement, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Finland (until the paw of the Bear was on her) and Belgium (till the claw of the Spread-Eagle) have been well to the fore. It is they who have carried on the banner of idealism which Germany herself uplifted when she was a small people or a group of small peoples. It is they who have really had prosperous, healthy, independent, and alert populations. How much more interesting, we may say, would Europe be under the variety of such a *régime* than under the monotonous bureaucracy and officialism of any Great Power! And to some such scheme we must adhere. It would mean, of course, the alliance of all the States of Western Europe, large and small (and including both a remodelled Germany and a largely remodelled Austria) in one great Federation —whose purpose would be partly to unite and preserve Europe against any common foe, from the East or elsewhere, and partly to regulate any overweening ambition of a member of the Federation, such as might easily become a menace to the other members. A secondary but most important result of the formation of such a United States of Europe would be that while each State would probably preserve a small military establishment of its own, the enormous and fatal burden of the present armaments system would be rendered unnecessary, and at last—after so many years of suffering—the threat of national bank-

* Lord Bryce in *The Daily Chronicle*, Oct. 1914.

ruptcy and ruin, which has of late pursued the nations like an evil dream, would pass away.

That the world is waking up to a recognition of *racial* rights—that is, the right of each race to have as far as possible its own Government, instead of being lorded over by an alien race—is a good sign; and a European settlement along that line must be pressed for. At last, after centuries of discomfort, we at home are finding our solution of the Irish question in this very obvious way; and it may be that Europe, tired of war, may finally have the sense to adopt the same principle. Of course, there are cases where populations are so mixed, as, for instance, the Czechs and Slovaks and Germans in Bohemia and Moravia; or where small colonies of one race are so embedded in the midst of another race, as are the Germans among the Roumanians of Transylvania, that this solution may be difficult. That is no reason, however, why the general principle should not be applied. It *must*, indeed, be applied if Europe is not to return to barbarism.

And it interests us—having regard to what I have said about *class* rule being so fruitful a cause of war—to remember that the rule of one race by another always does mean class rule. The alien conquerors who descend upon a country become the military and landlord caste there. Thus the Norman barons in England, the English squires in Ireland, the Magyars in Hungary, the Junkers in East Prussia and Poland, and so forth. They make their profit and maintain themselves out of the labour and the taxation of the subject peoples.

In the earlier forms of social life, when men lived in tribes, a rude equality and democracy prevailed; there was nothing that could well be called class government; there was simply custom and the leadership of the elders of the tribe. Then with the oncoming of what we call civilisation, and the growth of the sense of property, differences arose—accumulations of wealth and power by individuals, enslavements of tribes by other tribes—and classes sprang up, and class-government, and so the material of endless suffering and oppression and hatred and warfare. There will come a time, however, when the class-element will be ejected from society, and society will return again to its

democratic form and structure; not that there will be any want, in that time, of variety of occupation and talent, or any absence of differentiation in the social organism; quite the contrary; but simply that there will be no predatory or parasitical groups within such organism, whose interests will run counter to the whole, and which will act (as such classes act now) as foci and seedbeds of disease and strife within the whole. With a return to the recognition of racial rights and autonomies over the world, it is clear that one great cause of strife will be removed, and we shall be one step nearer to the ending of the preposterous absurdity of war.

And talking about the difficulty of sorting out mixed populations, or of dealing with small colonies of one race embedded in the midst of another race, it is evident that once you get rid of autocratic or military or class-government of any kind, and return to democratic forms, this difficulty will be much reduced or disappear. Small democratic communes are perfectly simple to form in groups of any magnitude or minuteness which may be desirable; and such groups would easily federate or ally themselves with surrounding democracies of alien race, whereas if lorded over by alien conquerors they would be in a state of chronic rebellion. Of such democratic alliance and federation of peoples of totally different race, Switzerland supplies a well-recognised and far-acclaimed example.

That in the future there will be an outcry in favour of Conscription made by certain parties in Britain goes without saying; but that must be persistently opposed. The nation says it is fighting to put down Militarism. Why then make compulsory militarism foundational in our national life? To abolish militarism *by* militarism is like "putting down Drink" by swallowing it! The whole lesson of this war is against conscription. Germany could never have "imposed herself" on Europe without it. And yet her soldiers, brave as they naturally are, and skilfully as they have fought, have not done themselves justice. How could they under such conditions—forced into battle by their officers, flung in heaps on the enemy's guns? The voluntary response in Britain to the call to arms has been inspiriting; and if voluntaryism means momentary delay in a

crisis, still it means success in the end. No troops have fought more finely than the British. Said Surgeon-General Evatt, speaking in London in October—and General Evatt's word in such a matter ought to carry weight: "After long experience in studying Russian, German, Bavarian, Saxon, French, Spanish, and American fighting units, my verdict is unhesitatingly in favour of the British. . . . . What has occurred lately has been a splendid triumph of citizenship, because people were allowed their proper liberty and the consciousness of freely sharing in a great Empire."

Besides it must always be remembered that conscription gives a Government power to initiate an iniquitous war, whereas voluntaryism keeps the national life clean and healthy. A free people will not fight for the trumped-up schemes and selfish machinations of a class—not, indeed, unless they are grossly deceived by Press and Class plots. Anyhow, to force men to fight in causes which they do not approve, to compel them to adopt a military career when their temperaments are utterly unsuited to such a thing, or when their consciences or their religion forbid them—these things are both foolish and wicked.

If the nation wants soldiers it must pay for them. England, for example, is rolling in wealth; and it is simply a scandal that the wealthy classes should sit at home in comfort and security and pay to the man in the trenches—who is risking his life at every moment, and often living in such exhaustion and misery as actually to wish for the bullet which will *end* his life—no more than the minimum wage of an ordinary day-labourer; and that they should begrudge every penny paid to his dependents—whether he be living or dead—or to himself when he returns, a life-long cripple, to his home. To starve and stint your own soldiers, to discourage recruiting, and then to make the consequent failure of men to come forward into an excuse for conscription is the meanest of policy. As a matter of fact, the circumstances of the present war show that with anything like decent reward for their services there is an abundant, an almost over-abundant, supply of men ready to flock to the standard of their country in a time of necessity. Nor must it be forgotten, in this matter of pay, that the general type and average of our forces to-day, whether naval or military, is far higher than it was fifty years ago.

The men are just as plucky, and more educated, more alert, more competent in every way. To keep them up to this high standard of efficiency they need a high standard of care and consideration.

It may, however, be said—in view of our present industrial conditions, and the low standard of physical health and vitality prevailing among the young folk of our large towns—that physical drill and scout training, including ambulance and other work and qualification in some useful trade, might very well be made a part of our general educational system, for rich and poor alike, say between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Such a training would to each individual boy be immensely valuable, and by providing some rudimentary understanding of military affairs and the duties of public service and citizenship would enable him to choose *how* he could be helpful to the nation—provided always he were not forced to make his choice in a direction distasteful or repugnant to him. In any good cause, as in a war of *defence* against a foreign enemy, it is obvious enough, as I have said, that there would be plenty of native enthusiasm forthcoming without legal or official pressure.

But the burning and pressing question is: Why should we—we, the "enlightened and civilised" nations of Europe—get involved in these senseless wars at all? And surely *this* war will, of all wars, force an answer to the question. Here, for the last twenty years, have these so-called Great Powers been standing round, all professing that their one desire is peace, and all meanwhile arming to the teeth; each accusing the others of militant intentions, and all lamenting that "war is inevitable." Here they have been forming their *Ententes* and Alliances, carrying on their diplomatic cabals and intrigues, studying the map and adjusting the Balance of Power—all, of course, with the best intentions—and lo! with such a result! What nonsense! What humbug! What an utter bankruptcy of so-called diplomacy! When will the peoples themselves arise and put a stop to this fooling—the people who give their lives and pay the cost of it all? If the present-day diplomats and Foreign Ministers have sincerely striven for peace, then their utter incapacity and futility have been proved to the

hilt, and they must be swept away. If they have not sincerely striven for peace, but only pretended to so strive, then also they must be swept away, for deceit in such a matter is unpardonable.

And no doubt the latter alternative is the true one. There has been a pretence of the Governments all round—a pretence of deep concern for humanity and the welfare of the mass-peoples committed to their charge; but the real moving power beneath has been *class*-interest—the interest of the great commercial class in each nation, with its acolyte and attendant, the military. It is this class, with its greeds and vanities and suspicions and jealousies which is the cause of strife; the working masses of the various nations have no desire to quarrel with each other. Nay, they are animated by a very different spirit.

In an interesting article published by the German Socialist paper *Vorwärts*, on September 27th, and reproduced in our Press, occurred the following passage, in which the war is traced to its commercial sources: "Germany has enjoyed an economical prosperity such as no other country has experienced during the last decade. That meant with the capitalist class a revival of strong Imperialist tendencies, which have been evident enough. This, again, gave rise to mistrust abroad, at least in capitalist circles, who did their best to communicate their feelings to the great masses, . . . and so the German people as a whole has been made responsible for what has been the work of a small class. . . . The comrades abroad can be assured that though German workmen are ready to defend their country they will, above all, not forget that their interests are the same as those of the proletariat in other countries, who also against their will were forced into the war and now do their duty. They can rest assured that the German people are not less humane than others—a result to which education through workmen's organisations has greatly contributed. If German soldiers in the excitement of war should commit atrocities, it can be said that among us—and also in other circles—there will not be a single person to approve of them."

Reading this statement—so infinitely more sensible and human than anything to be found in the ordinary Capitalist Press of England and Germany—one cannot help feeling

that there is practically little hope for the future *until* the international working masses throughout Europe come forward and, joining hands with each other, take charge of the foolish old Governments (who represent the remains of the decadent feudal and commercial systems), and shape the Western world at last to the heart's desire of the peoples that inhabit it.

"The peoples of the world desire peace," said Bourtzeff, the Russian exile *—and he, who has been in many lands, ought to know. But they also—if they would obtain peace—must exercise an eternal vigilance lest they fall into the hands of class-schemers and be betrayed into that which they do *not* desire. The example of Germany —which we have considered above—shows how easily a good and friendly and pacific people may by mere political inattention and ignorance, and by a quasi-scientific philosophy which imposed on its political ignorance, be led into a disastrous situation. It shows how vitally necessary it is that the people, even the working masses and the peasants, should have some sort of political education and understanding.

In that matter, of the political education of the masses, America, in her United States and Canada, yields a fine example. Though not certainly perfect, her general standard of education and alertness is infinitely superior to that of the peoples of the Old World. And some writers contend that it is just in that—in her general level and not in her freaks of genius—that America's claim lies to distinction among the nations of the earth. If you consider the peoples of the Old World—whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland, in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, or farther East and farther South over the earth, you will find the great masses, on the land or in the workshops, still sunk in vast ignorance, apathy, and irresponsibility. Only here and there among those I have mentioned, and notably among the smaller peoples of Western Europe, like Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, are the masses beginning to stir, as it were, towards the daylight. It can only be with the final opening of their eyes and awakening from slumber that the rule of the classes will be at an end. But that awakening—with the

* In a letter to *The Times*, 18th Sept., 1914.

enormous spread of literature and locomotion and intercommunication of all kinds over the modern world, cannot now, one would say, be long delayed.

Meanwhile, and until that era arrives, we can only insist (at any rate in our own country) on a different kind of foreign policy from what we have had—a policy open and strong, not founded on Spread-Eagleism, and decidedly not founded on commercialism and the interests of the trading classes (as the Empire League seem to desire), but directed towards the real welfare of the masses in our own and other lands. If our rulers and representatives really seek peace, here is the obvious way to ensue and secure it—namely, by making political friends of those in all countries who *desire peace* and are already stretching hands of amity to each other. What simpler and more obvious way can there be? "We hail our working-class comrades of every land," says the Manifesto of the Independent Labour Party. "Across the roar of guns we send greeting to the German Socialists. They have laboured unceasingly to promote good relations with Britain, as we with Germany. They are no enemies of ours, but faithful friends. In forcing this appalling crime upon the nations, it is the rulers, the diplomats, the militarists, who have sealed their doom. In tears and blood and bitterness the greater Democracy will be born. With steadfast faith we greet the future; our cause is holy and imperishable, and the labour of our hands has not been in vain."

Yes; we must have a foreign policy strong and sincere —and not only so, but open and avowed. And if in the present-day situation of affairs we cannot refer every question which arises directly to the nation, we must at least do away with the one-man-Secretary system, and have in his place a large and responsible committee, representative, not of any one party or class, but as far as possible of the whole people.

Another thing that we must look to with some hope for the future is the influence of Women. Profoundly shocked as they are by the senseless folly and monstrous bloodshed of the present conflict, it is certain that when this phase is over they will insist on having a voice in the politics of the

future. The time has gone by when the mothers and wives and daughters of the race will consent to sit by meek and silent while the men in their madness are blowing each other's brains out and making mountains out of corpses. It is hardly to be expected that war will cease from the earth this side of the millennium; but women will surely only condone it when urged by some tremendous need or enthusiasm; they will not rejoice—as men sometimes do—in the mere lust of domination and violence. With their keen perception of the little things of life, and the way in which the big things are related to these, they will see too clearly the cost of war in broken hearts and ruined homes to allow their men to embark in it short of the direst necessity.

And through the women I come back to the elementary causes and roots of the present war—the little fibres in our social life which have fed, and are still feeding, the fatal tree whose fruits are, not the healing, but the strife of nations. In the present day—though there may be other influences—it is evident enough that rampant and unmeasured commercial greed, concentrating itself in a special class, is the main cause, the tap-root, of the whole business. And this, equally evidently, springs out of the innumerable greed of *individuals*—the countless fibres that combine to one result—the desire of private persons to get rich quick at all costs, to make their gains out of others' losses, to take advantage of each other, to triumph in success regardless of others' failure. And these unworthy motives and inhuman characteristics again spring obviously out of the mean and vulgar ideals of life which still have sway among us—the ideals of wealth and luxury and display—of which the horrors of war are the sure and certain obverse. As long as we foster these things in our private life, so long will they lead in our public life to the embitterment of nation against nation. What is the ruling principle of the interior and domestic conduct of each nation to-day—even within its own borders—but an indecent scramble of class against class, of individual against individual. To rise to vulgar power and influence, and to ill-bred wealth and riches, by trampling others down and profiting by their poverty is—as Ruskin long ago told us—the real and prevailing motive of our peoples, whatever their professions of Christianity may be. Small wonder then if out of such interior conditions there rise to dominance in the great

world those very classes who exhibit the same vulgarities in their most perfect form; and that *their* conflict with each other, as between nation and nation, exhibit to us in the magnified and hideous form of war, the same sore which is all the time corrupting our internal economy. The brutality and atrocity of modern war is but the reflection of the brutality and inhumanity of our commercial *régime* and ideals. That being so, it is no good protesting against, and being shocked at, an evil which is our very own creation; and to cry out against war-lords is useless, when it is *our* desires and ambitions which set the war-lords in motion. Let all those who indulge and luxuriate in ill-gotten wealth to-day (and, indeed, their name is legion), as well as all those who meanly and idly groan because their wealth is taken from them, think long and deeply on these things.

Truth and simplicity of life are not mere fads; they are something more than abstractions and private affairs, something more than social ornaments. They are vital matters which lie at the root of national well-being. They are things which in their adoption or in their denial search right through the tissue of public life. To live straightforwardly by your own labour is to be at peace with the world. To live on the labour of others is not only to render your life false at home, but it is to encroach on those around you, to invite resistance and hostility; and when such a principle of life is favoured by a whole people, that people will assuredly raise up enemies on its borders who will seek its destruction.

The working masses and the peasants, whose lives are in the great whole honest—who support themselves (and a good many others besides) by their own labour—*have no quarrel*; and they are the folk who to-day—notwithstanding lies and slanders galore, and much of race-prejudice and ignorance—stretch hands of amity and peace to each other well-nigh all over the world. It is of the modern commercial class that we may say that its life-principle (that of taking advantage of others and living on their labour) is essentially false;* and it is that class which is

* There is no reason in itself why Commercialism should be false. Commerce and interchange of goods is of course a perfectly natural and healthy function of social life. It is when that function is perverted to private gain that it becomes false. But of course without this perversion there would be no distinctively commercial *class* with interests opposed to those of the community.

distinctively the cause of enmities in the modern world; and which, as I have explained above, is able to make use of the military class in order to carry out its designs. It can only be with the ending of the commercial and military classes, as classes, that peace can come to the world. China, founded on the anti-commercial principles of Confucius, disbanded her armies a thousand years ago, and only quite lately—under the frantic menace of Western civilisation—felt compelled to reorganise them. She was a thousand years before her time. It can only be with the emergence of a new structure of society, based on the principle of solidarity and mutual aid among the individuals of a nation, and so extending to solidarity and mutual aid among nations, that peace can come to the Western world. It is the best hope of the present war that like some frightful illness it marks the working out of deep-seated evils and their expulsion from the social organism; and that with its ending the old false civilisation, built on private gain, will perish, crushed by its own destructive forces; and in its place the new, the real culture, will arise, founded on the essential unity of mankind.

Beating the Germans

By Austin Harrison

One of the pronouncements of the German General Staff upon the war of 1870 was the military axiom that initial mistakes could hardly be retrieved in the whole course of a campaign; and the rule applies both as regards the original massing of the armies and the conception of the offensive which has its ultimate roots in politics. This latter consideration is recognised by German military opinion as paramount, and if we would understand the cause and psychology of the German onslaught upon civilisation, and very particularly the nature and scope of the task, *per contra*, which faces the Allies, it is this aspect of the war we must bear in mind.

War is, of course, the continuation with weapons, or physical expression, of policy—hence the German maxim that ultimately, as policy begins, so it ends hostilities. War, General von der Goltz declares, is the servant of policy, and this leads him to the law that without a sound policy success in war is improbable. Five months after the outbreak of war, it is interesting to look upon the entire situation from that standpoint which, moreover, is the true and determining condition. To the Allied cause, it is more than hopeful: it contains the essential conditions of success.

Now the Prussian (German) science of war is based upon this causal inter-relationship of force and policy which, as we now all of us realise, constituted the framework of German diplomacy. The whole German fighting method has been drawn up on that principle. This method aims at bringing on decisive results by a succession of smashing blows in accordance with the German politico-military conception of the *restless offensive*. And this idea of the offensive is tactically at the bottom of the modern German attitude, which is thus inherently and speculatively aggressive.

The German spirit has, indeed, accurately been described as—action. Everything with the Germans is action. Even their philosophy may be called the thought of action, whether propounded by such curiously antagonistic minds as Marx and Nietzsche, Schopenhauer or Treitschke, Chamberlain or the German Emperor. It is this conception of life which led to the German philosophy of valour, which in commercial language means force. As we now know, it is this organised conspiracy of violence that we are fighting to crush in the German Armies.

Hence we have the German military axiom that the strength of a nation lies in its youth, *i.e.*, fighting spirit. Hence, too, the German strategic law that the first and last object upon which the movements of the armies are to be concentrated must always be the enemy's main army. In a word, we find the offensive—the offensive in mind, in organised preparation, in national attitude, in policy, and so in war—as the central reason of German civilisation whether in design or in action.

Apply these German rules or conditions to the general situation, and even Scharnhorst himself would fain have to admit that the ground-plan of the German offensive has miscarried. Though the Germans started the war with every conceivable advantage derivable from the carefully thought out co-existence of intention and means of execution—thus enabling the all-important *opening operations* to be carried out with hurricane rapidity and precision; though they started with the elements of political surprise on their side, coupled with the *moral* of troops intoxicated with vainglory, error, and over-confidence; though, again, they came down "like a wolf on the fold" through neutral countries in defiance of political right and of their own Treaty obligations—thus combining the intrinsic force of the attack with the extrinsic element of terror and consternation—the German offensive failed because the wise co-ordination of war and policy—upon the reciprocal preparation for which, success (as Bernhardi says) depends (great results only being obtainable where political foresight and military resolution join hands)—proved to be a miscalculation of the gravest kind, leading to an immediate and demoralising check to the initial project of the campaign.

From the first day of war the Germans threw away the great psychological advantage of morality which, though not necessarily acting adversely upon their own armies, yet gave to the forces of the Allies, gave, with even more reckless stupidity, to the world, the inestimable strength of justice. In the first week of the war the Germans succeeded in alienating the sympathies of Europe and of Asia; first, by the political blunder of wilful and piratical disregard for the laws of Treaties and of peoples, and so of common usage and decency; secondly, by a display of savagery, sacrilege, and destruction towards the non-combatants and the hallowed places of a neutral but invaded country, utterly senseless and shameless. Thus, moral force, the watchword of Germanic militarism, the German armies in Belgium flung away as lightly as the German politicians trampled upon their "scraps of paper" —that moral force, which, according to Scharnhorst, "decides everything in war; for moral forces are never at rest; as soon as they cease to mount upwards, and become thus an inspiration, they decline."

On the Germans' own showing, this inspiration they have lost—irrevocably. The glory, the passion, that is, of their arms, of their cause, of their offensive lies in the ruins of Belgium. It is not recoverable. No feats of arms can wipe out the stain of that dishonour. No love that the Germans may have for the Fatherland will suffice to restore to the German armies the nobility they have put from them. The proud German nation in arms must fight hereafter without a moral lever, without that star in every soldier's heaven that we call immortality. As time goes on and the moral energy of the Germans reawakens to a truer sense of proportion and the humanities, the shame of Belgium will haunt their leaders in the field, their stricken armies, their harassed politicians at home, weakening and shattering their vitality. For conscience, too, has a stomach. It must be fed; it must rise, as the Germans say, to higher things, or it will atrophy. But the German conscience cannot now rise to higher things. The Hun at war has no longer any moral armoury. Failing the human justification, he has no divinity. There can be no renown for a people or a soldier who know no right. The German soldier is just an instrument of violence. He

has become a fighter merely by the law of necessity which, as it largely controls the course of modern war, will in turn control him.

So long as he fights by necessity, so long, that is, as the operations he forms part of, are offensive and there is movement and continuity of movement, he may be expected to fight on, but there is a paradox even to victory. The lesson of 1870 is imprinted on the mind of every German soldier—"an army can triumph itself to death": which means that war for the sake of war, heroics for the sake of heroics, victory for the sake of victory, can never bring about the results obtainable from moral purpose. Every general knows that. It means simply that men tire of war, even the most successful war, as they tire of women.

Already these conditions are discernible. On the western theatre of the war the stagnation due to trenches, climatic conditions, modern guns, losses, frustrated enterprise, malady, hardships, and the inevitable wastage, has cast its depressing influence upon the German initiative. Dirt, it is well known, is a terrible enemy to enthusiasm. Illusion vanishes. As all military authorities admit, the soldier who has been through several battles is quite content to rest on his laurels. There is a limit to physical endurance. There is a very short limit to human exaltation. When there is no moral force behind the ravages of physical exhaustion and the depression arising from an enforced defensive, a man, or an army, rapidly deteriorates. In war, the internal efficiency of troops invariably declines, because the spirit wanes, the sense of fighting perishes. Wet nights in the open, which are the reality of war, soon damp the martial ardour which is the idealism of war, even of the best of men. Without hope, an army is a beaten army. Stagnation, damp, cold, exposure, dirt, privations, sickness, exertions, these things affect the Allied Armies equally, of course, yet spiritually in precisely the contrary sense. The Allies bear them and will bear them because they are fighting for their countries, their homes, their rights, for every idea and ideal vested in nationality or citizenship, but the Germans are facing them for no such reasons. There is no poetry in their arms. They are fighting for no cause, for no wrong, for no human truth of idea or conscience, they are fighting solely for the

uniform. That uniform they have sullied. As there comes a time which cries "halt" to all exertion and endurance, so there must come a day when illusion will meet disillusion, when the spirit of the Allies—rising ever higher the more the things they are defending compel to the nobility of self-sacrificing effort—will come to grips with the dejection of a dishonoured foe, and at that hour, bright honour will win. We may be sure of it—it is written in all the German military books. Looking at the western front, we may say confidently that the greater the stress and the dirt, the more the efficiency of the German armies will decline, because they have nothing in their stomachs save the zest of fighting, an ideal which in warfare automatically turns into disillusion, to feed and inspire them.

Thus the whole conception and strength of their military project, based on *strategic mobility coupled with tactical efficiency*, has failed because, though the intention was sound, they neglected in their vanity and ignorance to understand and provide for the precondition of success—the political situation in Europe and the psychology of their intended foes; the very condition containing the three great elements militating against German arms, which, in the case of a modern European war, the Germans have themselves recognised as money, time, and sea-power. These three elements all German writers have declared to be the psychological determinants of the next great war, and it was upon this consideration that their war policy was founded. Decisions must be rapid and continuous. Suddenness of attack, overwhelming superiority, annihilating concentration—these have been the watchwords of the German Army ever since the Franco-Russian Alliance. Politically, rightly so. Though Clausewitz laid it down that the "defensive form of warfare is in its nature stronger than the offensive," all modern military experts have insisted upon the contrary. And their reason was the passive element in warfare, which ultimately is its determinant.

The next war, the Germans contended, would be an armed exodus of nations. All national energy would be gathered for a life and death struggle, the whole sum of force and intelligence of the combatants being concentrated upon one another's destruction. Where such forces set

the machinery of war in motion, the war thus could only finally be said to end with the annihilation of one party, or the utter exhaustion of both. But heroism of this kind was not to be relied upon. There would come a time when politics would supervene, and such pressure would come soonest where a numerous and prosperous middle-class existed; where industry and commerce were flourishing, and for the reason that the injury incidental to protracted war would be felt most keenly by that power interested the deepest in the accumulation of riches and the enjoyment of earthly goods.

This, the political side of war, applies with particular force to Germany. Her commerce has been swept from off the seas. Her export trade has gone. The arteries of her commercial life are clogged—she has ceased to exist as a business nation. As von der Goltz points out, politics in the last stages of war may become an all-powerful auxiliary by depriving the combatant of all prospect of outside assistance. Where pressure can be applied, actually cutting off a country's communications with the outside world, this he proclaims to be the "*ultima ratio* of war."

Politically, therefore—and the political side of war is the real factor in the situation—Germany already has been thrown on the defensive. Now the defender is only victorious when he wins at all points—a consideration, in the case of Germany, impossible, provided the Allies hold together; whereas the attacker wins if he gains the upper hand in a *single spot*. Time, money, and sea-power, the three assets of German success, have passed irrevocably with the failure of the German initiative into the hands of the Allies. The elements of the offensive, rapidity and vigour, have been tried by the Germans, and they have failed because they were not decisive. The elements of the defensive, perseverance and tenacity—good qualities these and inherently British—can only militarily be victorious when they are backed up by political factors, *i.e.*, economic, a combination, this, which, as time goes on and the exhaustion of the German offensive grows more complete, must redound in inverse proportion to the advantage of the Allies, seeing that Germany, economically, can only be said to-day to exist, whereas, with the open seas Britain

and Russia are for all industrial purposes comparatively unruffled.

Viewing the struggle critically, we may thus say that the latent *economy of forces*—time, money, *moral*, sea-power, and numbers—are thus all on the side of the Allies. We and Russia have the money, we have the men, we have the ships, moreover, the longer the duration of the war the greater the economic injury we can inflict upon the industry and commerce of the enemy. So far as numbers alone are concerned, that, too, is a military consideration entirely in our favour. Very particularly, it affects the eastern side of the war. The law of Clausewitz still holds good, and it is accepted by all German authorities. It is this: "Where double numbers of men place their weight in the scale against the talents of the best generals, we may not doubt but that, both in great and small engagements, a considerable superiority, which need not exceed the double proportion, will eventually secure the decision, no matter how disadvantageous other circumstances may be." This axiom has, of course, led to the German law of fighting at full strength at the decisive point; and it was on the recognition of this truth that the German swiftness of attack was based in order to secure the necessary annihilating victories. Ultimately, thus the law of numbers, as between Russia and Germany, are against German arms, no matter how often the Germans may defeat the Russians. Here, again, eventually Germany will be compelled to act on the defensive—the condition, as they themselves admit, of failure.

But if, politically, Germany has already been forced on the defensive—which in the end postulates disaster—militarily she is still on the offensive, and it is a truth we must all face. I am not going to indulge in armchair strategy, which in time of war is necessarily futile, since a man in such conditions cannot think dispassionately (and the moment passion enters into the calmness of criticism, such criticism automatically is deprived of its judgment); moreover, optimism, or the will to win, is the indispensable concomitant of success, and nothing should be thought or said calculated to inspire doubt or uncertainty. Yet, though confidence is essential, even to a critic, overconfidence, which is the creed of the Germans and

led them into the present insensate war, is equally undesirable. To win, we have not only to believe in ourselves, but to understand the foe and the position, and it is here that a man may speak.

As the war now stands, five months after its declaration, the Germans are still, militarily, on the offensive, that is to say, they have not yet been beaten: they are to-day (on results) in the superiority. They are in almost full possession of Belgium, and of a part of France. In Poland, the German armies have repulsed the Russians in what amounts to two distinct campaigns. On neither side have they been pushed back; on neither side have their frontiers been seriously threatened. The winter has now set in, with all its wasting effects and influences. A condition of partial stagnation exists, which is likely to make itself felt till the thaw facilitates energetic operations. Naval warfare in modern conditions is a thing of the past. As there is no blockade, so there is unlikely to be any pitched naval battle. On the seas we have to do now with mines and submarines, on land with trenches, aircraft, and long distance artillery. In neither case is modern war amenable to preconceived notions of strategy and generalship, and on land surprise has practically been eliminated. Frontal attacks, the parallel battle, hand-to-hand conflicts —these are once more the conditions, as in medieval times. Numbers, owing to the impossibility of control, the difficulties of preparation, observation, surveyance, and the "higher command," have simplified operations to such an extent that even flanking movements have become impracticable, as we have seen both in the case of the Germans and of the Allies in France and in Flanders. In the old days Frederick the Great carefully went over the intended field of battle—to-day there is no such thing as a battle; owing to the enormous masses of men, the command can only act on a preconceived plan of operation, the execution of which depends entirely upon the divisional commanders and their subordinates, but it is now more than ever difficult to remain faithful to the preconceived project or principle—which is the military law of success.

As the German authorities anticipated, war has become no longer a question of manœuvre and strategy, but of long-drawn-out events, a matter of *endurance*, terminable as

likely as not only with the inevitable exhaustion of one or the other combatants. There can be no speedy results, and so no immediate rewards. The duties of the supreme command have become almost intolerably onerous. The genius of war has gone. Crushing victories have become well-nigh unattainable in view of the masses concerned, the tactical impossibility of rounding-up a retreating army, and the modern power of guns. As the difficulties of the offensive have increased, because the offensive seeks salvation in movement which is precisely the condition so hard to carry out, so progress has become unduly slow and, without all precedent, dangerous to the attacking side. The elements of stalemate are constant, inevitable. It is to-day easier, and infinitely less costly, to act on the tactical defensive—which is the negation of war. The modern rifle, again, has been found too delicate an instrument, save in highly trained hands—as certain military authorities wrote before the war, ordinary conscript rifle fire has proved disappointing; it is now estimated at a hit per thousand shots. As there is no one position in a movement to consider, but a hundred positions, so there is to-day no capital point, no one form or time of the decision. The law of millions has reduced war to a trial of scientific weapons and physical endurance; it is no longer a game of skill, for it has become impossible for a commander to visualise a "turning point," to control or even direct execution. The individual soldier has become once more his own general. On his tenacity, on the tenacity of the whole, therefore, both generalship and decision depend.

These are not conditions ultimately favourable to German arms for the latent reasons already explained. None the less, they are the conditions, and when the time comes for the Allies to change to the offensive they will be faced by the same difficulties, both strategically and tactically. Looking at the whole situation in the cold light of fact, we can say this. If the offensive superiority still rests with the Germans, the psychological superiority, which finally alone leads to success, hangs unquestionably on the will of the Allies. It is thus a problem of the will to win; in other words, endurance.

The issue of the war will depend on that one quality, and the side capable of most endurance will win.

It is here that the Allies have to prove themselves worthy of the nobility of their cause; it is here, too, that just appreciation of the German war spirit is indispensable to the Allied success. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that the goal is in sight; that the Germans are approaching the end of their tether, either in men, material, or determination; that their philosophy of war will fail them. None of these things are true. Scharnhorst estimated that every fifteenth man was a good fighting man; indeed, the Germans have frequently fought up to that ratio. It is capable of enormous expansion. If the Germans are driven into their own territory, on the one side or the other, they may be expected to fight on a ratio of every twelfth or even tenth male. Sooner than yield their soil, they are as likely as not to mobilise almost the entire male population, from boys of fourteen upwards. War, carried into German soil, would give the Germans the moral faith they have wantonly thrown away. To every German the Fatherland means something sacred. He will fight for it, to a man. To anticipate anything in the nature of a collapse of moral is to misinterpret the German spirit. If we are to beat the Germans—and failure to secure the conditions necessary to civilisation would amount to a negative victory, leading inevitably to the resumption of the war at no very future date—the Allies will have to destroy their armies, amounting eventually to some ten million men; will have to crush a spirit of war never before known in history. That is the military prospect before us. To deceive ourselves is simply to court failure.* The Germans will fight till exhaustion lays the male fighting forces of the Empire prostrate. Militarily, then, the war can only be said to have begun. As its motive was the armed conquest of Western Europe by the Germans, so it will only end with the exhaustion of the German armies. To bring about that decision we, and the Allies, will need all our energy and all our available material, and this applies in particular case to England.

In all probability, we shall have to resort to conscription.

* Failure in the military sense. No doubt, about Easter time, a truce could be arranged, leaving Germany virtually intact, which would mean failure on the part of the Allies. To obtain the terms we desire, the German armies will have to be bled to death; as Bismarck said of the next war with France, it would be a case of "*saigner à blanc.*"

The sooner the better. On the western side the Allies have so to contain the Germans that the Russians can by force of numbers and tenacity penetrate into Austria and Germany. Once in Germany, decisions may be expected. Germany is, strategically, the most suitable country in Europe for the movement of troops and the conduct of an energetic war, and it is for that reason that the Germans are fighting the Russians in Poland. But the wastage in a war of this kind will be terrible. Only numbers will prevail, backed up by unconquerable endurance. As the result of five months of war, that is the situation and its prospect. If we may look upon it with confidence, it behoves us also to understand it.

And we may be confident. If at the end of another six months the military situation remains much the same, by exactly so much, politically, is our victory the surer. Indeed, the longer the war, the greater will be the fruits of victory. It will take a long time to beat the Germans; it will demand an enormous effort on our part, and it will only be accomplished through the united, concentrated violence of all the Allies. We have but to hold together for a year, for two, for three years, it may be, and we shall win. For all the latent elements of success are with us, added to which we have morality. Though the Germans will fight, and will go down fighting as no race ever before recorded in history, they cannot, as we can, fight indefinitely: they have no God in their treasury, no glory in their hate, for they are at best only "running their chances."

The Lion in Blinkers

By Austin Harrison

Ever since the Boer War the question of the Press (which involves our entire public life) in war time has been recognised by all serious men to be a very serious one. So long as our military operations were confined to punitive expeditions against black or half-civilised peoples, the attitude of the Press was militarily of slight importance; correspondents described what they pleased; the issue not being nationally critical, it mattered little what the poets of the battlefield imagined or revealed, and for the rest they were a fine type of men who did their work admirably—provided always that the war in question was one of "limited activity," as has been the case in every war Britain has been engaged in since the Napoleonic era. The triumphs, indeed, of our war correspondents were due quite particularly to the immunity guaranteed to these shores by our insular position.

On the Continent, however, this attitude has not existed owing to the "unlimited activity" of warfare. Dating from the French Revolution, conscription, which marks the beginning of the present era of the conduct of war, made war unlimited; no longer, that is, scrupulously professional but nationally comprehensive in the fullest military and economic sense; in a word, unfettered—which was the lesson of Napoleon. Conscription implied the systematic training of a nation for war, which, again, in modern conditions is no longer dependent upon a Treasury but upon the credit of the whole country. War thus became the physical expression of an entire people instead, as formerly, and still in this country, of a professional part of it. And its conception, to use the German scientific statement of warfare, defines that war revokes all rights incidental to the state of peace, the whole energies and resources of the nation being requisitioned in the ruthless employment of violence.

That is the German attitude—in the present war it is also that of Russia, and almost necessarily so, of France: it is an attitude that is logical and obvious. In this country, however, we are never logical or obvious, as the Germans have discovered. We have never been called upon to fight on so stupendous a scale before; we refused to believe even in the possibility of such a crisis, and now that it has come about we find ourselves like the penguins in M. Anatole France's Island, groping and screeching for direction.

The Liberal Government, which for years persisted in telling us that the Kaiser and Germany desired nothing better than to live on terms of peace and amity with Britain, now finds itself as martial and dictatorial as Cromwell, while the great, independent, and free Press of England is throttled and censored like a school-boys' weekly—the Press, the major part at any rate of which, alone had the prescience, the independence, and the courage to warn people of the German peril, thus preventing the wholesale weakening of our forces by land and on sea, which otherwise would inevitably have taken place with what catastrophic consequences one shudders to-day to contemplate. Yet so it is; with the customary paradox of British life. The War Minister who, knowing Germany, yet recommended to us the dear pacific Kaiser, sits cheerfully in the Cabinet—the fourth Estate, which, without the smallest exaggeration, may be said to have saved this country from the disaster threatening it from the disintegrating effects of theory and humanitarianism, is gagged and impotent, forbidden even to criticise because now—well, now we too have to fight this war on the unlimited area system and the sole agency needful is force.

The result in a democratic and individualistic State such as ours is a confusion at once comic and tragic. Ruled by the Party system, a condition which postulates free opposition, we suddenly find the Government vested with automatic military authority, our right of free speech curtailed; in short, the whole national attitude policed and subordinated for the exclusive purpose of war which hitherto we had always looked upon from what Germans cynically call the "sickly artificial" standpoint. To-day we are fighting or trying to fight, at full strength. For the

first time since the Armada the nation is in a state of danger (*Kriegsgefahr*). We have to beat the enemy or ourselves in the near future be beaten.

The position of our Press in such a crisis is obviously extremely difficult, anomalous because it is the prime object of newspapers to purvey news, whereas it is a military necessity for the soldiers to prevent the dissemination of news. Sedan, we have been told, was brought about by a journalistic indiscretion. As before said, after the Boer War it had become clear that war correspondents constituted a military inconvenience and danger which could never again be tolerated; in a war such as this, it might be fatal to allow journalistic activity in the line of battle, on which point most people will agree. Militarily and politically, the gadfly on the wire has no place "out there," unless himself in the trenches. It is just one of those paradoxes of democracy that in the greatest war of Liberation known in history, those who are left behind know nothing about it.

There are, however, limits, and there is, as always, a mean. And the situation as we now have it is not only stupid but humiliating. This, again, we owe to our incurable want of logic. If we were fighting this war, as the Germans are, on conscription, the country would automatically fall under military rule—under martial law, in short; but we are not fighting on that basis—not yet, at any rate: we are still conducting it on the voluntary system—the system which depends primarily on public opinion and individualism, out of which all our institutions, our Government, our public attitude, our free Press have grown. Under martial law, of course, civic freedom ceases; the Press is a military concern, all right of criticism is withheld; the entire nation applies itself to war under one single control. But here we are still fighting on the "sickly artificial" war method. We depend entirely for our soldiers on voluntary effort, so that while theoretically the system survives, in reality we are under a despotism which vitiates and renders nugatory the very agencies and advantages of that system which, as democrats, we so much extol, and which, if there is any virtue in it, we ought consequently to test now to the fullest stretch.

If we were logical, we would say, "Good, our casual

or voluntary system won't work in a war of this kind, we must have conscription; we must prepare to fight the Germans on the German method"; or, believing in our system, we would trust in democracy to take care of itself, which would mean a free Press with the widest publicity possible. Now it is obvious that we do not trust our system —the soldiers do not want publicity; we cannot afford indiscriminate intelligence or complete freedom of expression, the result being the present anomalous position which is neither one thing nor the other. Its effects have become grotesque. The condition of free England to-day is positively pathetic. The British Lion is fighting this war in blinkers.

It is not a dignified position. All over the world the peoples are laughing at us—in America, men are openly calling it unmanly. But there it is. The great, free British public is treated like a neurasthenic school-girl. Democracy is afraid of itself. All news has to be served up on the platter of the cheery-O. Hiding under the convenient falsehood of "military secrecy," the authorities, whoever they may be (and nobody knows) "run the show" as if it was no concern of the "proud British nation," as if the descendants of our buccaneer Empire-builders were a lot of quaking gaffers and splenetic bumpkins too timorous to be told more than a fraction of the truth, too "gaga" for their own consciences.

There is an accident in the Navy. Are we told, we English who "rule the waves"? Oh, dear no! What would the public say? But the news gets about. Like the Russian myth, with which the secrecy system started, rumour spreads the tale. The American Press publishes the facts in detail. Then the German papers print the news. Finally, we get the German papers and read all about it; read, too, a homily on British moral cowardice, what poltroons we are!—how nervous!—how degenerate! We wonder what it means. We ask our friends, but they do not know any more than we do. We say, "is this democracy?"—is this the spirit of Britannia, "who never, never shall be a slave?" We cannot understand. We watch the boys swinging into the station, going out, singing blithely, "It is a long, long way to Tipperary," as if they were going to a football match. "Have you heard—about the ship?"

we ask a corporal. And the man hasn't heard. We tell him the secret. He laughs. "Go on," he rejoins, "you're kidding. What price them Russians?" Then the band plays. The train moves out. So the modern Elizabethan goes out to fight in 1914—in blinkers.

Take another case, the London Scottish. For a week the Press talked of nothing else but their famous charge; at last the shouting subsided and we waited for the casualties list. Rather anxiously, for a bayonet charge is bloody work. For over two weeks we waited; then, one morning, *The Daily Mail* appears with a full casualties list—unofficial. Again, we wonder. What does it mean? Why does the War Office thus shirk its duty to the State? We inquire of a man who is supposed to be "behind the scenes." He hums and haws. "I suppose they thought it was rather a long casualties list," he exclaims. Poor effete British Demos! It must not be frightened, must it? The People must have something cheerful over its marmalade, or—— Or what? Will the secret administration which governs England inform us—or what?

Examples of this administrative secrecy might be cited by the score. We have yet to receive some intelligible explanation of the thousand men "missing"—as two months after the event we are still elliptically informed—in connection with the Antwerp expedition. At the time of writing we may still assume that the losses in the ranks of the Indian Army are *nil*—for all we are vouchsafed to know to the contrary. Though, according to the Press, the Germans are being whipped everywhere all the time, London is still disciplinarily turned into a place of gloom and darkness, presumably in expectation of an air raid, to the frank disgust of our maiden aunts in the suburbs and to the screaming gratification of the Germans, who are only too pleased to find this air-raid bluff of theirs—and bluff is part of their military system—so unexpectedly and persistently successful.

Then there is the secrecy of the troops. All Berlin turns out to cheer the parting soldiers, but here the men are secreted away in the night. Perhaps the most astonishing, inspiring, and hopeful event in our English civilisation has been the overseas attachment and rally to the Britsh flag. Yet our unimaginative secretive administration

entirely failed to grasp its moral significance, or to realise what a potent military weapon the coming of the Indians, the Canadians, the Australians, and the "All Blacks" placed in their power. These men should have been accorded a great public reception, if only as a moral weapon of offence. Fancy what a European commotion the Germans would have made had blacks and white men come spontaneously to fight for them, how the women in Germany would have welcomed them with flowers and song, how the Kaiser would have thrown across the world the words Justice and Liberty! We missed a stupendous opportunity through want of imagination and faith. It would have been worth a million men to the Kaiser to have had this moral force in his hands. That we were all groping about darkened London, trying to avoid being run over, while for the first time in history the fighting men of our Empire put foot on these shores, thus justifying, physically and ethically, as never before, the spirit and civilisation of England—this assuredly will go down in history as one of the queerest paradoxes of a servile and uninspired Democracy. It is the judgment of a lawyer-policed people, too unimaginative to realise even their own glory.

Personally, I am against our amateur volunteer method. I hold very strongly that we ought to have conscription. I would like to see a Military Emergency Government with a secondary administration composed largely of business men. But we cannot have it both ways, as at present. We cannot continue to have a dark London, a civilian head of the Admiralty, and a Star Chamber censorship, and at the same time be deprived of all right of criticism. If the sickly-artificial attitude is to go on, then we, too, must have the sickly-artificial right of expression. Demos, if it is to win through on its own methods, must not be strangled against itself. We either fight this war like democrats, or we admit we are a lot of theorists and poop-sticks only fit for the baton of the policeman. That it is the Liberal Government* which puts the democratic Lion in blinkers is the drollest cut of all.

* In the Crimean War it was Disraeli who largely led the Press agitation against the mismanagement and incompetence of the Government with regard to military matters. His organ, the *Press*, writes: "This is not the time for emasculate paraphrase."

Moreover, utterly unjustified. The truth is that the response of this country has been not only astonishing but superb. When one considers the unwarlike disposition of the people traditionally taught to regard continental warfare as outside the pale of British activity, suckled on the pap of theoretical pacificism, individualism, humanitarianism, denominational particularism, tribal insularity, ease, sport, and unparalleled luxury, it brings the tears to a man's eyes to witness the ardour, the self-sacrifice, the nobility, the calm, proud determination shown by the men of this Island beating there in the face of almost every conceivable inconvenience, obstacle, and adverse circumstance as one single and unconquerable heart. The rise of Englishmen to arms has been magnificent. For sure, Higginbottom is "not afraid of bumps." We are still soldiers, sailors—Elizabethans. Under the "Jack," England and Shakespeare are one.

It is time now that our lawyer-politicians saw beyond the rim of their spectacles, caught the spirit of the good stuff they mystify. The immediate crisis is over. We are settling down to a long war, as one people, undismayed. We are ready for every sacrifice, every effort, every eventuality. Our mettle has been proved, it has not been found wanting. We have stood our test. There will be no gaps that will not instantly be filled; there will be no demand made upon us that we will not immediately gratify. But Demos has one right which to refuse may well prove disastrous, not only to those in authority, but to the cause itself. It is that the faith we put in our leaders shall be returned with equal good faith. That, as soldiers, we should be treated as soldiers, not like schoolboys. That the gentlemen who fight for England should be accorded the privileges of gentlemen.

So far this has not been the case. An utterly unworthy, senseless, and humiliating secrecy hangs like a blight over the country. We resent the panicky darkening of London —which, if done to rouse our fighting spirit is ignoble; if for any so-called military reason is, I make bold to affirm, idiotic. We are not asking anything more than the right to be treated as adults. If a ship goes down, let us know it. If the losses are serious, let us hear them. But we are tired of this silly administrative secretiveness. We want to wel-

come our Canadians and fellow-fighters and let the world know that we have them and are proud of them. A Government which spirits our Colonials away in the night, casts London into darkness, and doles out information like a Sunday school-teacher explaining the Old Testament, while itself wrong about the war, and seraphically negligent about German spies for weeks after the declaration of war, such a Government is not only forfeiting the trust of the people but is seriously injuring and humiliating itself. Its present attitude is illogical. "Eye-witness," in that pleasing manner of his, touched on the question (December 10th). Rather naïvely, he remarks that some soldiers' letters "are indiscreet in the extreme." They are. But the censorship misses them, while the Press is silenced. In truth, the soldiers' letters are our real source of news.

The question of the censorship is, of course, a military matter. As we can all see, it is the wire that constitutes the danger—a danger too real to be trifled with. At the same time, the Press in this country is in quite particular manner the tool-box of our English civilisation. Shut down the lid, and the land has no longer any carpentry—any voice: which is the pathetic position democracy now finds itself in. That a censorship is necessary all sensible people will admit—the difficulty, of course, lies in its relation to military necessity and the national exigency. We began, as usual, with the political "jobbing" in of Mr. F. E. Smith, who had the acumen to get out of the snare betimes, and immediately the fantastic incompetency of the Bureau began to display itself. It was reconstituted, but still it is lamentably inefficient; nor could it well be otherwise seeing the composition of its staff, untrained and unversed in journalism, and so itself ignorant of the requirements of the public. In Germany, the censors are mostly drawn from the Press, *i.e.*, they are experts, they know naturally what are the necessities and what is demanded of them. Here, of course, we acted in our traditional amateurish fashion. (It appears to have been merely a chance that a civilian did not preside over the Army.) It is a comic situation. The Government which was ludicrously wrong about the whole European situation before the war thus claps an unknown, arbitrary, and demonstrably incompetent administration—one of its

prominent members is a professional "spookist"—to muzzle the editors and journalists many of whom have seen fighting and *who were right about the war*, on the gratuitous assumption, which incidentally is an insult to British intelligence, that these men are not to be trusted either with the nation's honour or with their own. However, I do not wish to labour the point, which, after the war, will no doubt have to be thrashed out. We are used to Shavianism in this country. The question is whether something practical cannot be arranged, which may render a little less invidious, humiliating, and jejune the position of the Press, and very particularly the nature of the news which, in present conditions, is rather in the nature of father to the thought than in any true perspective to actuality.

Some people may think that the main duty of the Press in the present crisis is lip service—they generally motive this conception by hinting that it will "depress" the enemy; but a good many people are not of this opinion. Certainly, to read the Press, one may well wonder whatever Lord Kitchener needs his second million for, so frequently and decisively have the Russians defeated the Germans; so daily, for weeks on end, have the Cossacks been on the verge of invading Prussia, burning Cracow, and breaking through the lines of the German fortifications there. The Russians have played from the outset an almost mythical *rôle* in this war. All that is, of course, the cheery-O business—the part assigned by authority to journalism. And anyone who says anything to the contrary, being anxious to ascertain the true position, is liable to be branded a pro-German. With that sort of thing I am not concerned. False optimism or bluff is an asset, no doubt, as we know from the ring, and all forms of the "confidence trick," but as the public has shown, it is quite unnecessary. The soldiers themselves hate it. The truth is that the fighting spirit, as the taste, of the public is considerably higher than those who cater for it admit. As an Englishman never fights so well as when he is down, so he is beginning to resent the Peter Pan war bulletins foisted upon him by the daily Press which, not being allowed to have an opinion or intelligence of its own, has no other course but that of cheery deception.

Now I am not pleading for the Press, but for the

public; nor have I anything to urge against proper military censorship. My appeal is for logic. What I say is that the Government is not military or civil enough, and the censorship as now exercised is not efficient. We either ought to be under military law, and Lord Kitchener ought to be for the time being dictator, or we must have not only more enlightenment but more adult freedom. So far as war correspondence is concerned, I believe that a solution could be found satisfactory to both the military and the public if newspaper editors and proprietors would approach Lord Kitchener with a proposal containing this one simple reservation—to agree, under military penalties, to abolish the wire.

In a word, my proposal is that the Press should revert to the conditions of pre-telegraphic times.

The advantages of such an arrangement would be many. To begin with, the necessity of sending all reports by mail (from the bases on the French coast) would *ipso facto* prevent the publication of undesirable news, for such reports would still be liable to military censorship; and though the news so imparted would not in the strict sense be up-to-date, they would at any rate be coherent, and, from the point of view of home consumption, invaluable. Such a scheme would ensure that only trustworthy and tried men were employed—a limited number only being permitted—no newspaper, for example, to have more than one representative; for the "story at any price" war correspondent would have no scope where sensation as such was automatically eliminated; and, indeed, only matter carefully and intelligently written would signify. It would revive the old type of war correspondent—the literary man. Incidentally, the Press would effect enormous economies, owing to the absence of telegraphic expenditure, which should be exclusively official. Nor would the news from Flanders or France be too late. A scheme on these lines would entirely dispose of the competitive news and sensation scramble of modern war correspondence, which is the real evil. There would be no incentive to that "getting ahead" on the wire, which is so dangerous in modern warfare. The reputations of war correspondents would no longer depend upon "getting in first" with the news, but rather upon the quality, of style and military perception, of

the written word. In this way the public would be provided with intelligent accounts of battles, incidents, and of the general situation; in a word, we should have trained, literary eye-witnesses* at the front who, militarily, would cease to be a danger (though they might be a nuisance), yet who here would be of inestimable service. I believe, if the Press would agree to the condition of the no-wire, that Lord Kitchener would not fail to see the use and value of this subsidiary arm which in many respects would provide a solution for a question otherwise, seeing the great danger involved by telegraphic competition, practically insoluble. Such war correspondents would be descriptive writers, not critics, as in the Boer War. The stoppage of the newspaper wire would enormously lighten the work of the censorship bureau here. There can be little question but that war correspondence on these lines would greatly ease the present tension of irritation and mystification, while the public would have something like an intelligent daily history of events at the front.

A democracy which does not trust itself, that is to say, its Press, is a poor thing. Very seriously, it is on its trial to-day. The "free" Press, which is the corollary of a democracy, will either have to find some means to meet the occasion or admit that its so-called freedom is a very unfortunate misnomer; which, in itself, is a pretty good "show up" of what we style democracy. As things are, mystification reigns supreme, and that is not a healthy condition in a war which men insist on calling the "people's" war, apart from its inconsequence. Many strange things may happen in Europe before the curtain falls on the present crisis; many things in which the peoples, as opposed to the authorities, of Europe may play a tremendously decisive part. It is not wise to fight this battle in the dark.

The spectacle of the British Lion in blinkers is neither pleasant nor politic. And there are certain administrative things the public is profoundly resenting. It does not understand, or deserve, the tutelary secret discretion which doles out news and casualties lists as Bernard Shaw divided

* The official "Eye-witness" is an excellent man who recently has done well. But trained writers would assuredly do better, and, deprived of the wire, they would be no more "dangerous" than he is.

his plays into "pleasant" and "unpleasant"; which darkens London and fusses about raids * that militarily are impracticable; which allows unwarrantable police interference with the moneys of wives, widows, and dependents of the soldiers; which leaves so many things to voluntary, *i.e.*, chaotic effort, while itself apparently retiring into polite *villegiatura*; which treats the men and women of this country as if they were a lot of "nervy" week-enders and imbeciles who could not bear to learn the truth. There is altogether too much concealment. Why? Such an attitude in times like these is foolery. That is the question Demos is beginning to ask. There may come a time when it will put it with most peremptory insistence and inconvenience to the unknown powers who seem to think they are duly earning their imposing salaries by only letting the public know what they imagine to be good for its nervous system, with a sympathetic darkening of the streets of London just to keep Demos to the scratch.

* Raids on shore, of course. The bombarding of a few towns on the coast is from any serious military point of view negligible.

Since this article was written Sir Frank Swettenham and Sir Edward Cook have been appointed to the Censorship Bureau. Both appointments are admirable.

Marx and Materialism

(A Reply to Hyndman and Belfort Bax)

By Austin Harrison

In their joint article, "Socialism, Materialism, and the War" (the English Review, December, 1914), Messrs. Hyndman and Belfort Bax repudiate my contention that Socialism has "collapsed," and at the same time say that "it is an outrage upon their memory (Marx and Engels') to accuse them of having anything in common with the infuriate military and professional fulminists of to-day"—which would seem to imply that I had accused Marx of being a Pan-German. As I apparently failed to express myself clearly, I would like to try to point out again in what way the materialistic conception of history, founded by Karl Marx, affected and merged-in the other materialistic and fatalistic German creeds both of State and of philosophy; how, in consequence, the fatalism of Marx contributed perversely, and in its own despite, to the Imperial cult of force which brought about the present war.

The last thing I would have suggested is that Marx was responsible for Pan-Germanism, and I quite agree with Mr. Hyndman that "it is ludicrous to class Marx with Treitschke, Bernhardi, and the rest of the fire-eaters and professors." Now my whole object in speaking of the collapse of German Socialism was to show (1) that the rigid doctrinaire theory of Marx, with its laws of class warfare and automatic necessity, had, in Germany, etiolated into a mere Parliamentary Party of opposition and opportunism, characterised by the very national and imperialist tendencies that Marx sought to destroy in his philosophy of revolution which was to bring about the Collectivist State; (2) that the moment Social Democracy had so broken away, Socialism, as the implacable antagonist to *bourgeois* civilisation in whatever form—military, capitalistic, Liberal-commercial, or Monarchical—forfeited its inherent truth and

purpose, the sole concern of which lay in the freedom of the wage-earning classes. The words I wrote were : "German Socialism has drifted away from Marx into the slough of German Imperialism, as far from the ideal which it had set itself to win as Ecclesiasticism has drifted from Christianity."

That is the point. I do not see that Mr. Hyndman has answered it.

The position seems to be that I, who am not a Socialist, though in profound human sympathy with the wage-earning classes, am defending Karl Marx against the jejune and so-called "rational" Socialism (defended by Mr. Hyndman) which, under Bernstein and his disintegrating intellectuals, diluted the extremism of Marx and Liebknecht into a bastard opportunism. This Party, composed of most of the original, independent, and fighting minds in modern Germany, came to accept a "mild" form of militarism, a mild form of colonisation, a mild form of economic warfare, in short, a mild form of evolution as opposed to revolution—the quintessence of the Marxian dogma. In Mr. Hyndman's attitude I cannot discover more than an apologia for the failure of Revisionism to exercise any deterrent influence upon the Kaiser's war intention. He says, the Socialists did what they could; which it may be. The fact is that their effort was absolutely impotent, and that being only too palpably the case, I think I am fully justified in writing of the "collapse" of Social Democracy.

When I said that Socialism had collapsed, I did not mean that Marx had, therefore, been proved wrong but that the true Socialism of Marx had not been tested, for the Socialism of modern Germany, with Bebel himself advocating a defensive militia (here, five months after the war, we have not got as far as that), had relatively little resemblance to the revolutionary creed of the Communist Manifesto. I will even go so far as to say that the failure of opportunist Socialism—the thin end of the wedge between class warfare and Liberalism, *i.e.*, compromise—seems rather to justify Marx, negatively at any rate. I thus find myself supporting Marx, not blaming him. Had Social Democracy in Germany persisted and developed on the rigid class lines laid down by Marx and Engels, this war might never have come about. But after 1907 German

Social Democracy became merely a Parliamentary Opposition, its luminaries coquetting with such nice ethical problems as Fiscal policy, "just" colonisation, and even conscription and capital ships, thus leading to a new definition of Socialism out of which the spirit and soul of its founders had gone.

The failure of this modern Socialism is simply due to the disintegration of compromise introduced by Bernstein, that corroding poison that saps political ideals in modern conditions in all countries. It grew in Germany because the Party lost faith in its ideals, in its inherent vanity. Inevitably, the Marxian ideal evaporated because the conditions out of which the life (*Urkraft*) of its dogma grew had changed; in a word, because in the absence of coercive legislation, tyranny, and persecution, and in the enlightened atmosphere of successful Germany, the truth and spirit of proletarianism lost its doctrinal meaning; because a fighting gospel preconditions opposition (which had practically disappeared), and man cannot be expected to live on the constant stress of the "top note." The moment the German Socialists realised that, they fell to criticising, dissecting, and reconstructing Marx. Things change, that is the explanation; it is the law of humanity. The question is not the failure of Revisionism as a Party expression of the people—for the failure is flagrant; but whether true Marxianism fiercely adhered to on orthodox lines would not in great measure have prevented this war; and if not (though here we are dealing with a hypothesis), whether Marx's interpretation of history and economics as governed by inevitable or automatic laws is not thus proved to be false, seeing that his own followers failed to adhere to his principles, and themselves failed with their own at the great crisis in their history; thereby seeming to show that mankind is not a mass of "sentient automata" ruled by forces beyond their cognition or control (as Marx contended), but rather an individualist energy, in which case the foundations of the Marxian philosophy fall to the ground.

That is the important question. The mean lies in the Socialism of Bernstein which, *pace* Mr. Hyndman, must be conceded to have failed. It is significant in this respect to bear in mind that Bernstein himself shortly before the war publicly recanted—no doubt because he foresaw the

war. Personally, I believe that Marx was nearer to the truth *conditionally*, and that if the working peoples of Europe thought as he thought, and were to unite as one corporate army to free themselves and abolish war, they might achieve that end. Conditionally, that is to say, granted the necessary unanimity of thought and purpose—which condition, not being a theorist, I regard as inconceivable. Out of perpetual peace, strife would arise, as water rises out of the earth. For there are and can be no perpetual conditions in this world, any more than we can imagine lasting happiness, or immortality, or finality. Perpetual happiness would cease to be happiness, it would be stagnation : there can be no state or attitude without its polarity. We can only understand the idea of death by its precondition, life. As the whole planetary scheme is motion, so motion controls our cosmic life, to which man is vouchsafed the energy of mind. If Marx was right, he was only right in the prevailing conditions of his time, that is, he is only tactically right. But we have changed since his day. To speak of a collective proletarian discontent to-day is to misinterpret our modern life. There is no longer such a thing as all-round want and misery. Marx's famous formula is no longer economically applicable; we most of us expropriate to-day, in some form or another, and there are as many grades in the masses as there are in the classes. If the ideal of Marx is right that does not follow that Marx was. Ideals (as ideas) cease to be such on realisation : they become conditions subject to the flaws and mutabilities of all conditions. An ideal State would automatically lose its very idea—and this, indeed, is the irrefutably logical argument against the existence of Heaven. Or of Hell. We have not yet discovered the law of perpetual motion, though we know that all is motion. Until we do, we cannot conceive of any ideal, perfect, or perpetual State, and our ideals, even those theoretically attainable, can only be to man what the stars are to this Planet—things that we look up to and lose sight of, as often as not dissipated by the passing of a cloud. They are our hopes, the stepping-stones to higher truths and attainments.

I note that Mr. Hyndman questions the inevitability or fatalism of Marx, much as Bernstein doubted it. We all do, though there is such a thing as inevitability (since 1900

the Kaiser's war was inevitable). What I contend is that the true Socialism of Marx has not been given a chance. Though I cannot believe in theoretical Marxianism, I am inclined to believe in the Marxian method of economic warfare to put down national warfare, if again I would qualify it—for the time being. At any rate, his idea of international proletarian solidarity has yet to be put to the proof. Those of us who desire to stop wars will do well to consider this aspect of Marx. To me, it seems the only way—a way humanly impossible. For obviously, it implies such Utopian co-fraternity and idealism that I cannot bring myself to put faith in it. International solidarity would imply intellectual and individualist stagnation. It, too, presupposes fatalism; a conception, and the acceptance of which, would vitiate all human and individualistic effort, for its realisation would necessitate a spirit of discipline and subordination of self to the whole infinitely greater and more heroic than that imposed upon the German Armies, whereas the trend of our modern civilisation is towards individualism. And individualism means strife. However, after this war, we may think well to go back to Marx, as we shall probably return to not a few other "grey" theories. We often advance to go back. What is certain is that we cannot be expected to take up again the Opportunist Socialism of the Bernstein faction. The truth is that Parliamentary power is fatal to the Marxian doctrine, which in all its essentials is anarchic and subversive. You cannot bring about revolution by constitutional procedure. That is why German Socialism failed in the letter and in the spirit. It was a Parliamentary force, no longer a physical force, as Marx conceived it. The two things are incompatible. Granted a great fighting Socialist movement, outside the Reichstag, and it may be questioned whether the Kaiser's Armies would have been able to move.

The problem after the war will be this: Can there be any return to Karl Marx, and, if so, how will the tactical doctrine of an epoch designed primarily and essentially to meet the conditions of that epoch be adjusted to a new epoch in which far more complex and mutually antagonistic conditions and exigencies prevail, and in what way then will it resemble the creed of Marx? It is not for me to express an opinion. But that such is already the question

for Social Democracy to solve, in whatever form the doctrine may revive, is self-evident. I do not see that Mr. Hyndman has so much as attempted to solve it.

I regret if I appear to have represented Marx as co-religionist with the "infuriate military and professional fulminists" of the Kaiser's Germany. Such was not my intention. It only shows how difficult it is to express oneself so as to avoid misconception. No intellectual creed was ever more opposed to militarism and all forms of Governmental tradition than that formulated by Marx, which is precisely the point it was my intention to make. In connecting the fatalism of Marx with the fatalism of, say, Treitschke, I was not thinking of the object in view but rather of the spirit which in the two men, as, indeed, in most German thought of the time, had this peculiarity in common, that it was all strangely and inherently fatalistic—a characteristically German attitude as opposed to the creeds and ideas of other men not German by nationality. Thus I maintain that the fatalistic materialism of Karl Marx profoundly influenced German thought; was even accepted as a specifically German product. I do not mean that Marx was a militarist, a Pan-German, or in any way associated with the policy of Bismarck—quite the contrary—but that his mode of thought, his attitude towards life, above all, the means be advocated for solving the problems of this life, were not only essentially German but racially symptomatic of, and sympathetic to, the philosophies of German "culture" as evidenced by the fatalistic sociocracy of Bismarck, List, Treitschke, and all subsequent Pan-German writers; by Nietzsche, with his fatalism of the sublimated ego; and later, by the soldier-historians, of whom Bernhardi was the leading exponent. The fact is significant.

With Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Treitschke, v. Sybel, Bernhardi, and the Kaiser, Marx saw in life dynamic necessities. In this mode of thought he must be classed as belonging to the same school, if, indeed, it was not Marx who founded the school. The end in question is not the point. No two men aimed in life in more diverging directions than Marx and Bismarck, yet both men saw life from the same fatalistic standpoint. The whole reason of Marx's gospel was the fatalistic necessity of socialisation. The

whole means towards that end lay in the inevitability of physical force upheaval.

Now it was precisely because of this physical force inevitability of Marx that the Germans, as a people, took to it, as it were, so naturally and spontaneously. It harmonised with the German philosophy of life, with the teachings of their politicians and historians, with the racial German attitude which came into force as a doctrine as the result of Sedan. We must not forget that the central idea of Marx was force—the "expropriators were to be expropriated," the capitalistic integument was to be burst by "Blood and Iron." Hence the phrase, "dynamic necessity." As an idea, it appealed to the Germans. In its expression of force it is just as much militarism as the Kaiser's doctrine is.

Though Marx's object was fundamentally opposite to that of Pan-Germanism, and its whole purpose was to do away with boundaries, Empires, and Emperors, its effect upon the German people was inevitably martial in that it encouraged the spirit of mass discipline for an avowedly warlike purpose and instilled into the proletarian ranks the idea and necessity of war. And it is here that we come to the parting of the ways. The working-people's war was to be a purely economic one waged internationally in the interests of a common class. It is a dangerous spirit to arouse, only too easy to divert for extraneous and maleficent ends. Kept rigidly to its innate purpose, the Socialist fighting spirit—a spirit which had imbued Germans of all classes with a sense of racial power and intoxication—might have been used with tremendous consequences against the war-purposes of Imperial Germany; as it was, owing to the growing weakness of its brain and direction, it found itself insensibly fused in the other and national fighting spirit of the ruling classes, more and more prone and willing to accept the fatalistic teaching of an all-victorious Germanic Empire, driven on ever deeper into the vortex of Imperialism by its own momentum of doubt. We have often wondered how it was the German people submitted to militarism; we still wonder, yet the reason is simple enough. It is that the masses, saturated with the gospel of Fighting Socialism, taught and compelled to trust in physical force as the solution to their own economic

troubles, saw in the militarism of Potsdam the logical issue of policy and government, and, as fighters, found in it no little satisfaction. Inevitably so. As the Socialist Millennium waned into the background of theory, victorious racial Germanism took its fighting place. Whether soldiers in uniform, or soldiers for an economic theory, the Germans saw life as soldiers. And so when the Kaiser gave the word to transplant German culture into other people's lands, the Socialists, to a man, were ready, whether against proletarian Belgium that they had so often befriended, or autocratic Russia, whom they had so consistently reviled. Thus, perversely, in precisely the opposite way conceived by Marx, Socialism in Germany has made for war, as a warlike, disciplined, and—I must fain admit—brutalising influence.

It is the way with a good many other admirable intentions. Nothing can be more remote from the spirit of Christ than the attitude throughout history of Ecclesiastical Christianity of all faiths and denominations. It is the same with Nietzsche, who savagely hated the Germans, yet whose gospel of intellectualism has been prostituted into Pan-German heroics. So, paradoxically (if one pleases) the fatalism of Marx has contributed to the militant fatalism of Pan-Germany.

Mr. Belfort Bax is surely aware that Marx largely derived his idea of Socialism from Lorenzo Stein, who expressly defines the democratic agitation as Germanic, *i.e.*, racial. Around this idea there grew the theory of German Race Imperialism, coupled with proletarian Imperialism, built up on the Gobineau, Treitschke, Chamberlain, Bernhardi, Woltmann School of Germanic (or race) selection; that Bernstein coquetted with this proletarian Imperialism is incontestable. The whole theory rests upon the mystical conception of Germanic (Aryan) superiority, though the propagandists, among whom must be included Wagner, disagreed not a little. It is easy to see how Marxianism thus got debased into Imperialism in this specifically German sense of racial psychology.

The name of Woltmann is probably new to Englishmen, though, of course, not to Mr. Hyndman. Woltmann was a Socialist who left the Party as the result of the attacks made upon him and Bernstein at the Congress at

Hanover, where I had many talks with him. After quitting the Party he started his "Review of Political Anthropology." In this Review he propagated the creed of Germanic superiority in its creative and mystical sense; he became thus an anthropological Imperialist, and the idea met with wide and instantaneous success. He was a remarkable man, curiously fascinating, as I well remember him—all smiles, blue eyes, and a shock of reddish curly hair—the type of his own beloved Germanic type. His work on this Review, though eminently scientific, contributed materially to the other ideas of mystical Germanism. He got third prize from Krupps in a competition for the best exposition of the German racial case. Woltmann's idea was to prove, anthropologically, that the two hundred best men in the world had been "Germanic." And German Socialists toyed with his theory, to the detriment of their own. Woltmann, who was really a pure romanticist, was drowned a few years ago in the Mediterranean.

One thing more. Mr. Hyndman writes:—"To the amazement of all foreign Socialists the German Social Democrats supported the Militarists, who were their worst enemies." I do not understand this statement; certainly, no German was amazed. At the International Social Congress at Amsterdam, 1904, the Party refused to consider the motion granting power of exclusion from the Party where "personal interest" revealed itself. In other words, they considered so Draconian an observance of theory impracticable. Alas, poor theory! Bebel repeatedly declared he would support the flag defensively. As we know, nothing is easier than to represent war as defensive.

When the dead are all buried, we shall see what annexe can be built upon the materialistic fabric of Marx, what remains of it, short of its intrinsic idealism. I confess I see no light, nor has Mr. Hyndman enlightened me. But we shall need some creed to hold on to for sure. I cannot help thinking that a new theory of economics will have to be founded in which there is a little less German fatalism and a good deal more factual association.

In the Trenches

By A. H. M.

"Cover up 'is bleedin' face."

I went on looking for the tin of jam which I had dropped in my scurry across the field the day before. It must be trying work burying the dead, and I felt sorry for the four Tommies struggling with a stiffened corpse. The suggestion about covering the corpse's face had in it a quaint note of respect for the fallen, and seemed, too, to express all the overwrought feelings of the speaker. "Where did he get hit?" I asked, as my search for the jam-tin took me nearer the party.

"Shrapnel bullet, back of the 'ead. 'E was sitting in that ditch there, with 'is back to it, and I suppose 'e thought 'e was low enough—but he weren't; it caught 'im just there," the speaker pointed half-way down the back of his own head.

There was not much compassion in his voice; he inferred that the fellow had been silly to sit where he had. So it is always with those who fight side by side One man will do what he can for another, but each must look out for himself.

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One should, of course, have kept a diary. The chances of recording vivid impressions were unique. A great many people did keep diaries, writing them up faithfully, with accurate reference to date and map, under the most trying circumstances. Some of these were captured, and their diaries presumably read out in German messes as we used to read out documents taken from German prisoners; others had their diaries cut short. To me, to keep a diary in such circumstances would have been most difficult. Only when a thing is over, or imagined, do I care to write of it; never under the shadow of its actual happening. And now, when the shadow has lifted for a while and one

has all the leisure one can want, and little to do except lie still and think of one's experiences, one finds any attempt at ordered sequence continually being upset by certain memories which force themselves forward.

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There was an attack at dawn which should really have been painted. One of those blood-red dawns that come only in the autumn, with just a breath of frost and wisp of mist, and break at noon into the full heat of a summer's day. (*We* had to make the attack, which was why one did not have so much time to notice it. There is all the difference in the world between attacking and being attacked; difference, I mean, in the effect upon the state of one's composure.)

How well I can remember that first streak of red which lined the sky low over the position where we believed the enemy to be. And then the shuffling along the trench as the men unfixed their bayonets after the night and settled into their equipment. By now the streak of red had multiplied, and as we lay waiting for the word the whole swelled into one soft mass of rose. Bang! our guns behind fired their first round. Whizz! an answering shell skimmed through the trees above. It was getting light enough to shoot; we lay closer to our cover. Then one did not notice the dawn much more for the advance began. We went forward slowly, with much muffled shouting to the right and left: "Are you in touch with ——?" "Yes." "Pass the word to Captain —— to hold fast." There is little dash in these days unless it be the charge. Company officers watch their flanks as a boxer does his wind, and step most warily. It is from losing touch on the right or left that most calamities occur, and enfilade fire upon small bodies of troops is the beginning of their end. And so we advanced right up to the line of buildings that I first began to write about, and there we had ended our task and gained the ground required without a shot being fired, while on our left a regiment lost six officers and a third of its men. Such is the luck of the frontage allotted. Later our turn came, when their guns got the range of our trenches. But by this time we had learnt to dig, and every man had something he could get into, and get under. Had they not dug

as soon as they reached the ditch, which was good enough cover against rifle-fire, the company would have been wiped out. This our infantry do now know, that they must always guard themselves *first* against guns. There is, however, a smaller gun which tries them sorely and against which they can find no protection when advancing. It was machine-guns that mowed down the regiment on our left that day; perhaps little else, for the Germans have brought the use of these weapons to such a fine art that they will mask a whole position with a half-a-dozen and a few men, and hold up the advance of a brigade. We, too, must have more machine-guns and special schools to train our officers and men and special examinations, as there are for the artillery. A fortnight at Hythe will not be enough after this.

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There is a sort of awful fascination in watching one's own troops being shelled. "Poor devils, they are getting it," says one man to another, as white puffs of smoke burst over the trenches to his left, and mentally he crosses himself, thanking heaven that the guns haven't found his area.

That is naturally the predominant feeling of all troops under shell-fire: "Will they get the line of us?" The German guns have a quite unholy knack of getting the line of a trench. When one considers that the average trench is indistinguishable from the rest of the ground at a hundred yards; further, that it is not more than a yard in width, it will be seen that getting the line of it is no mean achievement for guns firing a mile away.

Shrapnel is like a leaden scourge hurtling through the air; in the open it seems impossible that it can miss one, but troops in well-constructed trenches take little notice of it.

With the "Black Maria," or "Jack Johnson," it is different. The high-explosive shell is most demoralising. Rrump! crash! and something goes sky-high. It is unpleasant to contemplate being blown to bits.

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"Tt! Tt!" The gunner subaltern shook his head. "You've let 'em get their guns up—ought to have taken the place before." We were sitting in the garden of a cottage on the outskirts of La Bassée. Eight hundred

yards away the Germans lay massed in their trenches, but I and my fellow subaltern had slept quietly enough in the cottage, going out before dawn to see our men were standing to arms, and then turning in again till eight. The very front of the firing line is often the most peaceful place in war. Here no generals come to move one about, nor often their staffs. Behind the firing-line life for a tired infantry man can be made hell.

We had taken full advantage of the cottage to cook a good hot dinner the night before and sit talking till eleven, with glasses of rum-toddy. In the morning we had breakfasted: bacon and eggs, bread, butter, marmalade, and coffee. We were smoking our cigarettes, and looking at the last paper out from home, when the gunner subaltern arrived.

"Yes; they've got their guns up all right," he said, as he superintended the fitting up of a field-telephone.

"Well, we'd better get back to the trench then," said Evans to me.

"I should," the gunner agreed.

Ten minutes later they began to shell the cottage. What happened to the gunner with his telephone I never heard. Artillery-observing officers have a curious knack of living where others cannot. I watched the shells falling round the cottage apprehensively. If they shifted a point to the left it would be nasty, as we were not forty yards away. Hullo! A shell burst fifty yards behind the trench and directly over it. Crash! Another—this time twenty-five yards in rear. The men began to stir in their "dug-outs." I considered hard. Dead men were no use anyway. *Crash!*—and I was nearly lifted out of the trench. There was a large hole directly in line, on the other side of the road, a bare ten yards away! Believe me, there is no more appalling sensation than sitting still while a heavy gun slowly gets on to one. "File out of the trench to the right and follow me." I passed the word, and at a dignified walk (running, except forward, was strictly forbidden in the battalion) we withdrew to a trench in the rear. The other platoon remained, as they were just clear of the area being searched. It was with some trepidation that I sent in a report of my retirement to the Colonel; however, he had been out since the beginning of the war and knew

something of "Black Marias." The answer came back, "All right."

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It began quite suddenly—in half a minute, perhaps, sweeping all along the front like a *feu-de-joie*. The bullets cut through the hedge with comforting inaccuracy; and we, of course, all blazed away. I don't know how many rounds were fired that night; my men fired continuously till 4 a.m. and the enemy the same. We lost two men out of fifty in our section of the fight. Never was there such a waste of ammunition! So it is usually with night attacks.

"Mr. Evans's compliments to Mr. ——, and could he give him a cigarette?" The word came down from one man to another, and I duly sent back the cigarette.

"Mr. ——'s compliments to Mr. Evans, and could he tell him the time?"

"Mr. Evans's compliments to Mr. ——, and would he care for some chocolate?"

So I and the next platoon-commander passed messages to each other all through the night just to keep the men awake. They would have been asleep to a man during the first lull in the firing. There is something very soothing in the rattle of musketry; it makes one want to close one's eyes and nod. That is, after the firing has been going on some time and one has been on the alert for a few days and nights.

"This looks like business," I said to a corporal next to me at one period of the attack, as the enemy's fire drew nearer and hotter. It seemed certain that they were going to charge. Their fire did not sound more than a hundred yards away. I wondered what happened when the enemy charged. They fell in scores in front of the trench. But some would get there—and then what a muddle! I took the rifle and bayonet of a wounded man and laid them beside me, drew my revolver, lit a cigarette, and waited. I puffed at the cigarette furtively, keeping the glowing end well screened from the front. Heavens, how good it was and soothing to nerves strung a little past their usual pitch! Yet on the whole the excitement of waiting for that bayonet charge was good; it was one of the easiest moments of the war.

"No; they won't come," said the corporal with conviction; "they never does."

And, sure enough, he was right.

I think it is true that the Germans don't like cold steel—British steel, anyway.

There is certainly truth in the reported personal ascendancy of the British Tommy over the German. One feels it in moments like that—feels indisputably that one is with the better men.

Time and again I have known them have the numbers and opportunity to charge and not take it. That night when, to judge their strength by the volume of fire, our trenches were to have been had for the asking, we could hear their officers cursing and trying to drive them forward without result.

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"For great gallantry on the night of the 17th ——." I read the notice in the *Gazette* this morning. How well I remember that night! It was like a stage battlefield in a way—ridiculously like one, the sky red with the flames of burning houses. Our guns had been bombarding a great sugar factory behind the German lines all day, and towards evening the whole building burst into a blaze. We chuckled, for the German lines were now lit luridly for the night and not a man in them could move, while we, just opposite, were free to go where we pleased. Then another dramatic incident happened, for right up into their firing-line galloped a section of German horse artillery, unlimbered, and opened fire. Their objective was soon plain: a row of haystacks in the centre of our position. We watched, and soon our lines too were lighted up. The men cursed as they scrambled back into their trenches. The German guns limbered up and got clear away. It was an act of consummate dash and daring.

Later I met our scout officer.

"By Jove, X did a good thing just now!" he said, referring to a brother subaltern.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well, you know when those German guns came up and started blazing at the haystacks: the first shell set the one near him alight. He dashed at it, three men following,

and tried to put it out; this, mark you, while they had the range to an inch and were still peppering the blessed thing."

I never thought any more of the episode at the time, except that it was one of many that would never be known. I reflected that to try to extinguish a haystack, which was already well alight and being fired at by artillery at point blank range, was too like suicide.

It was then with great surprise and delight that I read in the paper this morning that X had been awarded a D.S.O.

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It was just like hundreds of other farmsteads in the North of France: the house on one side, with farm-buildings and sheds completing a square round a dirty yard; some dead cows in a field behind, others crazy for want of milking in their stalls, lean chickens, a yard dog, and an appalling stench. The Germans had been there before us, and the old mother and patron were still half doddery with fright; their sons and great-nephews were at the war, some of their neighbours in the village had been killed by shells, the Germans had made soup in their oven—*enfin* it was terrible!

Gladly they put their fire at our disposal and a pail of milk. There were five of us altogether—for once the company had its full strength of officers—two had just come out from England, a "dug-out," and a Sandhurst cadet. We made a stew and coffee, and, dinner over, lit our pipes. At midnight we were to relieve another regiment in the trenches. The talk turned on "cold feet."

"Life simply isn't worth living in this sort of show if one is bullet-shy," said the skipper. "What I say is: there is an appointed hour and an appointed place where one is going to go and get it, if it's one's lot. Till that hour and place come it's no use fussing; when it does, no use either. It is the only way to look at it. Fancy if one imagined that every bullet was going to hit one! What misery life under fire would be!"

We all agreed with him, little thinking at the time that within the next twenty-four hours everyone of us was to find his fate.

Later we took up the line of trenches.

"They've got those stacks set," said the officer I was relieving, pointing to some haystacks behind the trench.

When he'd gone, and I'd set my men to their night's digging, I went to sleep under the middle stack. We had been fighting and watching for ten days and nights.

I was awakened by a blow in the back. Looking up I saw Evans raising his foot to kick me a second time.

"Good God, get up you ——!" he said; "it's getting light and your men are out all over the place."

I dashed along and ordered the men into their trenches. Ten seconds after the last man was in I was lying on the ground very hurt and surprised. Being hit by shrapnel, as I've said before, is just like being lashed by a leaden scourge. I crawled behind the stack.

As the officer had warned me the night before, the Germans had those stacks "set." They, in the now popular phrase, "plastered" them. But a stack will keep off shrapnel if you are in the centre and on the far side. However, it would not have saved my fifty men if they had been out digging. If Evans had not awakened me they would have been a writhing, lacerated mass—a battery, knowing the range, can do that with one salvo—and I better dead than shot through the foot and ankle as I was. I still shudder when I think of those fifty men's lives, which I, but for Evans, should have lost.

It was not altogether pleasant under the haystack. One glance at the holes in my boots told me I was not dangerously hit, but quite helpless. And with the feeling of helplessness nerve-control seemed to go too. I lay there with a feeling of horror as the shells burst on either side of me.

Later they carried me back to a cottage and our doctor bound me up. All around on the floor of that cottage, and of other cottages, lay the wounded. Some groaned, some cursed, most joked. Some (hit through the stomach) had the fear of death on their faces. The doctor worked, and bound, and bandaged. Our cottage was shelled, bullets swept the road he had to cross, morphia gave out, bandages grew scarce, and at one time the attack was pressed nearly to the doors of the cottage. He worked on quietly, and even found time to come in and have a cigarette with me. One gathered as one lay there the tale of the day's fight.

"The Captain's gone," said a man of my company as he was laid beside me.

Poor ——, so he had found his hour!

"Hullo, old bird!" Evans came in with a shattered arm.

"It's hot out there. The skipper has gone."

"Yes, I know," I nodded.

"He was shot three times—wouldn't go back. The last killed him."

"—— is shot too, through the knee."

"Where is he?"

"Haven't got him in yet—'fraid they won't. He's right out between us and the enemy."

"Poor devil." He was our last joined: a Sandhurst cadet; only nineteen."

"Shall we hold 'em, d'you think?" I asked.

"I think so now. There is only old —— left. He's commanding the company."

It grew dusk. Suddenly the fire swelled to a perfect hell—guns behind, in front; maxims, rifles.

"That's our blokes attacking," said one of the stretcher-bearers, coming in with a cup of tea.

Evans and I looked at each other. We knew well what was happening, though it was a rough, kindly way of trying to comfort us, typical of Thomas Atkins. The Germans had come up in force. They were storming the village. And we—well, Evans could walk a bit. I prayed. Never have I dreaded anything more than the thought of falling into the Germans' hands. I pictured them entering the room where I was lying in a corner.

"Ah, there's reinforcements coming up," said the stretcher-bearer as he looked out of the window.

We heard shouting and the tramp of feet.

"Have one?" Evans threw a cigarette across to me.

"Thanks, old boy. I wonder when this bally ambulance is coming up."

I was still in agony of being captured. Evans was calmer, and made me feel a worm.

"They'll be up now—soon as the firing stops," the orderly reassured us.

Once again that night firing broke out, and it seemed as though the attack on the village was to begin all over

again, but it was only an affair of patrols and towards ten our doctor came.

"Now, then, if you're ready," he said. "We've got the ambulances up."

The orderly jammed my feet against the end of the vehicle. The road was unspeakably bumpy—an unset compound fracture is not unpainful; but nothing mattered. To know that one was safe, going back to England, to be patched up, see one's loved ones, have a shave and a good meal, and perhaps later another crack at *les Boches*! Yes; I enjoyed that drive in the ambulance with all my heart.

Aspects of Russia

By Norman Douglas

THERE are no hedges in Russia. Natives will tell you that the sight of hedges, so familiar to lovers of our landscape, is irksome to their notions of liberty. They like to survey an unimpeded vista; to revel in that all-pervading sense of spaciousness and yearning which haunts one like a melody and exhales from a country devoid of landmarks—from those dim plains over which the eye roams vainly seeking some point of repose, some steeple-crowned hillock or a range of distant mountains. They like to wander freely over boundless stretches of territory, nomad-fashion. For the Russians, unbeknown to themselves, have still much of the nomad in them.

Where is a country vast as theirs with so few local dialects? Despite the inland passport system which has striven to fix the people to the glebe, their roving tendency has triumphed over severe winters, uninhabitable tracts, immense rivers; over those marshy wastes impracticable in spring and autumn. Some idea of the difficulty of internal communication may be gained from the fact that before a good road can be built a railway must first be laid down (on wood) for the transport of the necessary stones, in which a great part of Russia is deficient. Peasants leave their homes on a pilgrimage to some distant shrine, and so great is their love of wandering that they continue to roam across country from one sanctuary to another, forgetful of their old life, and are often found dead by the roadside. Whole villages migrate about those endless steppes. For rich and poor alike, travelling is an end in itself. The wealthier classes think nothing of going from Petrograd to Moscow on the pretext of buying a hat or a pair of gloves. The Government has taken advantage of these erratic habits and, by the introduction of zone tariffs, secures large profits. Russian railways are paying concerns.

Note their luggage. For a journey of a few hours they must carry cooking apparatus, samovars, pillows, towels, and a mass of household paraphernalia that might advan-

tageously have been left at home. Railway stations resemble gipsy encampments; second-class inns are Oriental caravanserais. Hotel proprietors, aware of this propensity and knowing that the common folks insist upon using bedding, &c., which they have been accustomed to from childhood and which never leaves them, fail to provide many articles considered necessary elsewhere. The officials at the frontier stations have the greatest difficulty in dealing with all the heterogeneous encumbrances which poorer travellers insist upon taking with them, for a week's visit to some friend across the boundary.

In the streets you will see all but the upper classes still walking in the centre of the roadway, heedless of the furious driving; they still feel themselves on the wild steppe and are oblivious of the fact that a city, with its pavement for foot-passengers, has grown up around them. The town houses, many of them, are not yet numbered on the European principle; they are called by the names of their actual or former proprietors, "the house of So-and-So"—suggesting the old patriarchal abode. Within, they do not look as if they were ever intended to be permanently occupied. Nothing has been, or will be, long in its place; the clocks are not going, the doors not shut—an instinctive recollection of a former breezy tent-life; there is a surprising lack of furniture, especially of the kind which the Anglo-Saxon requires for storing away clothes and "settling down." Russians never settle down. They have all something in common with that old prince in one of their novels; rooms are put to new uses, beds moved from this room to that, out of sheer restlessness and love of change. They will live for weeks in a chaotic confusion that could be remedied by half an hour's work, but are buoyed up by the subconscious notion that soon the encampment must be broken up and the family moved elsewhere.

The truth is that, in their heart of hearts, Russians hate all occupations that tie them down to a particular spot. Landed proprietors easily transfer their affections from one place to another, buying and selling estates in different corners of the country, without regard or remembrance for that which gave them birth. They lack the feeling for home as a fixed and old-established topographical point. We think of a particular house or village where we were

born and where we spent our impressionable days of childhood; these regard home purely as a social centre—they are at home everywhere, so long as their clan is about them. So you will find them at Continental watering-places; never alone, like the Englishman, but moving about in tribes and batches. Nomads! They have a fairly rich language, yet it contains no equivalent for our word "home."

One might go on for ever with these examples. One might recall the Russian's frank hospitality and its resemblance to that of the nomad Bedouin, his extraordinary disregard for the feeling of privacy in domestic life, another relic of the open tents. . . .

Our literary tourist strolling about Russia—there have been several of them lately—and seeking what he may devour, has no time to saturate himself with the *genius loci.* He is duly charmed by the Petrograd opera, he discourses sagely concerning the Artel system, and gushes about the "laughing round-faced peasantry," or the "barbaric and sensuous orchestration of Rimsky-Khorsakoff"; such are his impressions of the place. He has not even time to realise the cardinal fact that he cannot devour Russia like Italy or Germany—it is not only too large, but too different. And of course he has no time to learn their language: they all talk English!* Hence he cannot be expected to take note of these little peculiarities of surviving nomadism—or, if he does, to regard them otherwise than as a bundle of queer but disconnected national traits. Such being the case, he obviously fails to perceive that they afford a key to those enigmas and contradictions about which he is always talking; that they help Russia to work out her salvation on lines different from the approved British recipe: representative government, a golf-course, sanitation by Jennings.

He sees crying administrative abuses, justice a mockery,

* Which is exactly what they don't. A few society exotics have laboriously been taught French and English; a handful of employés possess a smattering of German; the rest—precisely those who would be of real use to him—talk only Russian, and could never learn French or English if they tried. Give an Anglo-Saxon a fair chance, and he will learn any language or dialect, Oriental or European, ancient or modern, in half the time it takes a Russian. That legend about Russians being "born linguists" is one of those international fallacies which nothing but a new creation of the world will ever explode.

and people—contented; as contented at least as we are, and (for all their differences) submerged at this moment under a wave of patriotism. He notes with surprise the ultra-democratic spirit of men who can say and do things which would be unheard of in England; he observes that persons in the most responsible Ministerial posts, those who effectively govern the country, are poor sons of the soil who have attained to their rank not *viâ* Eton and Oxford and backstairs influence, but by personal grit and industry; he sees this structure of apparent liberty crowned by the anachronism of Tsardom, which seems to him the negation of every kind of progress. An anachronism: so it is. Anomalies are apt to survive in high places; we need not go out of England to learn that the light which radiates from the central regions of society take longest to strike its two extremities. An anachronism, in one sense of the word; but also a vital product of the race.

The Russian paterfamilias is not like ours. He is Governor *par excellence* of the family; he reigns supreme; the members belong to him, body and soul. Great families have clusters of little ones dependent upon them. Would such a paterfamilias wish to be deprived of this authority, or to see his wife ousted from her presiding seat at the samovar? Certainly not. The humblest householder possesses this authority by common consent. So does the Tsar; the two are simply replicas of one another. The nation is his household, and we have lately heard enough about that mixture of humility and affection with which the peasant or soldier speaks of him. Behind their veil of bureaucracy and superficiality the Russians are a nation of brothers, whose mutual attachment is nothing but a repetition, on an enlarged scale, of the devotion which binds together the members of any small clan. Liberal institutions are creeping in under various disguises, but that old family ideal is so deeply engrained in their feelings that the abolition of the autocratic form is not so much distasteful as absolutely unintelligible to the average Russian. The inquiring traveller, when next he visits the country, should pay a little attention to the samovar and its inner meaning. Perhaps he will then realise that it is not only a funny kind of tea-kettle, but a symbol as well. It is the pivot of their social life and the tangible justifica-

tion of Tsardom; it stands for the patriarchal family principle. Of course, the samovar is also an anachronism of a kind—more expeditious methods of tea-making are not hard to devise. But there it is, sacred and immovable; rooted on the rock of custom, representing much that our intelligent tourist finds difficult of comprehension. Whoever would shift autocracy must first shift the samovar.

For the rest, the emanations of Tsardom are often neither as mephitic nor as far-reaching as they are described. Russians allow for organic necessities of wear and tear—except on paper. We have lately heard a good deal about the Imperial Ukase concerning the sale of alcohol. These Ukases are something like Papal Bulls; they read very prettily, are taken to heart by one or two simple souls and circumvented by the remaining millions. The man who lives on the spot knows what is meant by these spasmodic fits of asceticism; it is in the character of the native to make noble resolutions like this; to make them, and to break them. When tired of indulgence in pleasure they will indulge in repentance for a change: that is all. Indulge they must, being of sanguine temperament; and the Emperor in this matter only reflects the national conscience, smitten with a divine frenzy of self-abnegation at the outbreak of war. Wait till the clouds roll by! Nothing on earth will persuade me that the Russian, after the fit is over, is going to be less drunk than formerly; it is against what one knows of human nature. If the Government does not get the money, somebody else will get it (I stake my dollars on the Grand Dukes and officials); in any case, vodka will be consumed as heretofore. A sober Russia—what next? I would as soon believe in a sober Scotland.

Which reminds me that the old adage about "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow, etc.," applies particularly to nomadic people. Their every joy of life is uncertain, for to-morrow the settlement may be dispersed and the delights, which to-day offers, indefinitely postponed.* So the Slav,

* To this feeling of insecurity, by the way, may be traced the general distrust of banks; the habits of dealers, who often carry the better part of their jewels on their person; and that incredible quantity of hundred-rouble notes which a Russian of the upper classes can produce out of his pocket-book at any hour of the day or night, without dreaming of the reason why he carries them.

like the nomadic Magyar, imposes little restraint upon himself in the department of wine, women, and song; he seizes upon the pleasures of life with a zest and almost theatrical exaggeration. But it may be said—it has been said—that this lack of restraint is rather the result of a harsh climate; that it is a protest on the part of humanity against the inclemency of physical surroundings; that mankind, to counteract such gloomy conditions of nature, will work themselves into spiritual excesses. There may be some truth in the general argument. No doubt the hysterical Scandinavian lore bears traces of such violent changes of summer and winter, light and darkness, as are unknown "under the roof of blue Ionian weather." But the influence of environment has lately become a kind of *deus ex machina* that explains away all difficulties. The relative immoderation of the Russians contrasts significantly with the steadiness to which a longer social stability has accustomed the equally boreal Finlanders. No; in this case it is a question of racial bias, not of climate or soil.

But there is one point in which their mental constitution seems to bear the impress of its natural surroundings. Dwellers in narrow and secluded valleys are prone to think that the whole world is contained within the mountains that encircle them. Conversely, those whose ancestors have been accustomed to roam over endless plains may be supposed to have acquired a wider vision, a more restless mind. This is reflected in Russian politics, whose aims are not barred by rivers and mountains (Persia—Dantzig: who can tell? Somebody, at all events, must be good enough to put an end to the sinister tomfoolery at the Golden Horn.) It is reflected in whimsical fashion in their conversation and mode of thought, for nothing is more difficult than to keep them from "wandering" from the point; their thoughts flit airily from one subject to another with inexhaustible wealth of ideas. This is their social charm. It is reflected, lastly, in their literature—in their characteristic failing as historians or philosophers. They like a wide grasp of their subject; they reach out too far, and yet must perforce include it all. So one of my acquaintances, who has been engaged for a number of years on a history of his country's rule in Central Asia, has at last, he tells me, reached the period of—

Cyrus! Many writers must have been altogether lost to Russia through their recoil at the imaginary dimensions of their task. It is not wilful prolixity; it is an irresistible hereditary straining after spaciousness and wide horizons.

Whoever takes the trouble to delve a little into the imaginative writers of Russia will be astonished at many things: at their sense of technical *justesse*, for example. That there are vignettes in the scenery of life which look best in the microscopic setting of a sonnet or even epigram; that fleeting emotions will befit the prose poem, compact entities the short tale, while whoever wishes to delineate the teeming markets of mankind and all the geographical complexities of continents must call for the Gargantuan canvas of *Anna Karenina*: these are surely very obvious rules. But how often are they violated by English writers! Take up the last ten novels published here, and you may wager that half of them are merely short stories which have been padded out by all sorts of preposterous methods so as to make up the requisite number of pages for a six-shilling book. A baroque, incongruous structure, this novel of ours. It is not only that we are a nation of shopkeepers, even in products of the imagination. We have been fed too long upon the literary beef-steak pies and batter-puddings of the Victorian epoch to savour the delicacy of the simple tale; moreover, writing as we do for a mythical young person—not from any scruples of conscience, but simply with a view to a big provincial circulation—we are naturally restricted as to choice of subject.

There is a note of vigorous appetency in this literature; of experimentation and unconventionality—so novel that it sometimes gives us a shock (we hate being told what we did not know before); a full-blooded and *warming element* absent, for instance, in that of another young country, America; the joy of roving (Gorki: the typical nomad) in unexplored domains of the mind. Only a small percentage of these authors draw their inspiration from traditional Western themes, the rest are non-derivative in their work; only a very few are of wealthy stock or born in the capital, the rest are from obscure country places, poor in worldly goods but not in heart, their mentality clarified and intensi-

fied in the school of suffering. Literary Russia is not yet centralised, like France; not yet commercialised, like England. It is natural that the faculty for critical and speculative thought should fail to keep pace with their creative output, inasmuch as the nomad lacks the leisure and concentration whence these draw their life. Russian humour is not highly developed; naturally enough, for humour is a product of ease and settled society; nobody can be humorous with a sense of insecure environment. These men have worked themselves out of life and specialised in the profession of letters; our writers work themselves into it, in the intervals of posing as amateur mechanics, politicians, educationists, connaisseurs of agricultural methods, military experts—cheery all-round sportsmen, in short, on the best of (commercial) terms with their public. You cannot take up a morning paper without finding some delightful communication from one of our literary gentlemen upon subjects altogether unconnected with his calling. Business as usual.

The treatment of landscape in Russian fiction—here is a suggestive little point. For all his sensibility the Russian has not much sensitiveness towards inanimate objects unless they can be suffused with a human tinge; he professes no great feeling for the picturesque as such; he takes unkindly to the vapourings of romanticism. Your Anglo-Saxon or Goth wallows in natural scenery for its own sake; as writer, he sits down to work and lovingly etches in his "little bits of description," regardless of their correlation to the human interests involved. Note how differently landscape (for the most part) is treated here. She is ever-present, but in social garb, as it were; instinct with social attributes. The clouds, the seasons, the fields and woodlands, the sun and stars—they are all made subservient to human motives; they are sentient forces, that throb in sympathy with human moods and events, and reflect their varying facets. Why should this apostolic spirit that broods over the whole country and binds together the highest and lowest of its sons—why should this hand of brotherliness be extended to include even the passionless things of earth and air? It is intelligible enough. On those measureless plains overhung by a pale and lowering sky, in that twilight of demon-haunted forests, man emerges

with something of his primitive meaning; filled with a sense of awe and solitude, he is forced into close league of partnership with the rest of his kin against all these sullen manifestations of the external world. The Russian is not on such friendly terms with nature as to be tempted to use her for an irrelevant scenic decoration in the English style. She is the old unreasoning enemy of the patriarchal husbandman, ever ready to blight his handiwork with some crude freak of violence. To be rendered artistically palatable she must be translated into his own terms—fraught with something of his own passions—humanised.

One grows a little tired of the reforming mania of these realistic visionaries. Noticeable is this: that the Russian world-improver sets out with correct propositions, but is apt to draw a faulty conclusion—the reverse of his German colleague, whose failing it is to argue logically from a wrong premise. He thinks more ardently than clearly; the images come crowding in a tumultuous throng, leaving on the reader or listener the general impression of waywardness and exaltation—of impatience to reach the end without the means. The nomad, says Carlyle, lacks the tendency to persevere. Very true; they only sow who have time to wait for the harvest. This particular trait annoys the Anglo-Saxon, who complains of lack of discipline and veracity, and calls the Russian "artificial" because he happens to be artistic. But one cannot be veracious all round, any more than one can be affectionate or anything else. People who waste all their love on Pekinese terriers are notoriously deficient in kindly instincts towards their fellow-creatures, and the Slav is far too charming to exhaust his stock of truthfulness in that scrupulous accuracy about practical matters which absorbs the Englishman's energies to the detriment of his sense of artistic rectitude. To put it briefly: the Russian has convictions, but no principles. That, maybe, is his salvation—this preference for expediency as a guide to conduct, this admixture of Oriental fatalism which despises a man who stiffens himself by cast-iron abstractions instead of trusting his judgment to deal with events as they arise. We are proud of our principles, in England; so proud that we sometimes die of a kind of moral arterio-sclerosis rather than frankly admit we have

no further use for them. Some are of quite respectable ancestry, as such things go; but not one is immutable, not one is applicable to all conditions of life. The Russian has intuitively grasped the fact that our notions of right and wrong, were they old as the hills, alter their contour day by day, as surely as these do.

True; they are somewhat too much given to consecrating themselves to ideals and bothering their heads about social problems and first causes. The fault of youth, with some exceptions. Tolstoy relapsed into drowsy pythagoreanism from sheer satiety; the fine temper of Dostoevsky was crushed into unwholesome resignation by the horrors of Siberia. So it is with ill-treatment of every kind—it generates toxins; and the best that can be said of this bad business is that Siberia sometimes stands to gain what Russia loses by the banishment of these Promethean spirits. But when they can be made to forget that word Siberia moaning down the centuries and those other hard actualities which have tinged the national outlook with a cast of melancholy—when they can escape into realms where constructive ability is unclouded by sombre historical associations, we soon perceive the potentialities of the Russian mind. Their music and science, for instance . . . or that ballet compared with which the formalism of its Italian prototype resolves itself into the frigid posturings of marionettes, while our English representative, of Empire and Alhambra days, suggests the prehistoric gambols of a party of drunken cave-wenches. . . .

The attitude of Women and the Church towards these new things is not ambiguous, as in this country. It is clear-cut and unequivocal. You can get a fair picture of the Russian female mind from their literature, but whoever wishes to appreciate the thousand touches that go to form that harmonious whole must visit the fountain-head; he must live among them. There he will find that although they are in the fullest sense "New Women"—neither reactionary nor iconoclastic, but in active sympathy with what is best in the national strivings—they nevertheless belong to a variety different from the odd compound of childishness and ferocity which goes by that name hereabouts: to a class of female with whom a man discovers rational com-

panionship to be not altogether out of the question. As to the Orthodox Church—it is an establishment after my own heart. It fosters blandly those virtues which every sensible man cannot help practising even without its authority or approval; its art-forms, frozen to immobility, appeal to the lover of Things Obsolete; its fetishistic ceremonials beguile the senses; for the rest—a veritable nightmare, a repository of apocalyptic nonsense such as no sane person can take seriously. Nonsense of the right kind, the uncompromising kind; and in so far affording a better springboard into a clean element of thought than the incurable catholicism of the Poles, or our own church whose *demi-vierge* concessions to modernism offer seductive resting-places for the intellectually weak-kneed.

Casting about for some word that should sum up the characteristic trend of modern Russia—why do we set ourselves these conundrums?—I light upon this unlovely and rather cryptic one: anti-parochialism. A vast country, one might say, is naturally anti-parochial. Not at all. Once more, it is a question of racial temperament. The United States, a fairly large place, are the most parochial region on earth. Prussia is singularly parochial.

Now both of them are progressive, in a certain sense of that word. But one must remember that progress, thus interpreted, far from being synonymous with civilisation, is subversive of it; they are mutually exclusive. Where Prussia puts down her foot, no grass will grow; ask any south German. Where the very teachers of the humanities are converted into recruiting-sergeants, there we get something like the "progress" of old Sparta in all its frowsy provincialism of mind and cock-on-the-dunghill attitude towards the outside world. Progress of this kind, the artificial welding together of society for whatever ends, is fatal to the finer tissues: fatal because it is a centripetal movement, crushing man into the mass. Civilisation is centrifugal; it postulates the assertion of personality. The individual emerges in civilisation, is submerged by progress. Judged by some such standards, we may profitably compare the Russian ideal of life with that of America as revealed by sympathetic recent observers like Dr. Ferrero and Mr. Stephen Graham, concerning which I will only remark that

where people talk of the *Dignity of Labour* they had better say as little as possible about "civilisation," for fear of confusing it with the North Pole.

One does not hear much talk of this kind among Russians. They labour; but the moujik is inarticulate, as befits his kind, while his wealthy superior either draws an income from landed estates, and consequently has learnt long ago not to feel himself ennobled by the mere touch of gold, or, even if engaged in commerce, does not think himself a particularly fine fellow for slaving thirteen hours a day to earn more money wherewith to buy more pearl necklaces for more of his female dependents. These people respect even poverty, that bugbear of transatlantic life. Altogether, viewing them as a whole, there is no doubt whatever that they surpass the other two races in delicacy of fibre, and accessibility to generous impulses—the *prima stamina* of something better than their parochial conception of progress. Why, for example—why does a certain section of lower-class Americans sympathise with the aims of a brood of bandits like the Hohenzollern? Not from the large infusion of Teutonic blood among the variegated riff-raff now weltering in that witches' cauldron, but from sheer similarity of tastes. They have the same notion of "progressing." These men have cut themselves off from their several homely memories, and look with rancorous envy upon our orderly and time-honoured institutions; they are inflamed with all the ferocious pushfulness of the Prussian and his determination to *get there* at whatever cost to others; they have the same boastfulness ("boosting") and relentless self-assertion; the same lack of candour in public life; the same cringing love of the boss who rules them with a rod of iron, and tells them what to think and when to think it; the Black Hand, the law of intimidation, erected into a system; some analogy, in short, with the Potsdam theory of patriotism. Fortunately there are counteracting influences at work, over there.

Russians are not welded together on these narrow, materialistic lines. Their patriotism is of the spiritual kind; a streak of unworldliness, or other-worldliness, is discoverable in its texture. Unity of race, language and religion is at all times a powerful national bond, but Russia's peculiar strength lies in the sentiment of fraternity which runs

through every section of the Empire—a state of affairs which we find it hard to understand, seeing that our own patriarchal herd-instincts have long ago evaporated, thus causing our patriotism to be based on reasoning rather than faith.

Mont Blanc does not show to full advantage from the Grands Mulets, and to view Russia as a whole, in her true perspective, one must take up a position at a proper distance of space. One must stand beyond the shadow of the monster, for all shadows are unhealthy, and that of Russia is positively malefic. A Pole cannot be blamed for misjudging his neighbour: one might as well ask an Irishman to appreciate England. Both races have too many justifiable grievances (which they nurse with a fierce parental indulgence) as well as definite peculiarities of their own that hinder a fair appraisement; Poles are too resentfully civilised—the Kelt too irresponsible to respect anything that impinges, as does English sanity, upon the sphere of his own emotionalism.

A certain distance of time, too; we must endeavour to project ourselves a little into the future, since not only fact but intent is to be taken into account. Some folks think that the country is unchanging; they can discern nothing but a murky mass of elemental heavings—rather like the picture of the earth in Genesis, chap. I, verse 2. And unquestionably there is something rudimentary and inchoate in one's first impression of the place; something amorphous, but not inert: threateningly fluid, in fact. There are furious gropings and fermentations and adjustments going on, accompanied, as is only natural, by an occasional explosion. Russia is endeavouring to assimilate as much as possible of our western culture (very bilious stuff, some of it), and it is hardly surprising if her statesmen shudder at the immensity of the task before them, and if the process entails spasms of discord as well as the production of types like that bloodless, thin-lipped Procurator of the Synod who, albeit no priest but an intellectual, yet regarded himself as a heaven-sent instrument of repression. . . .

I hear the ominous word "progroms." Disgraceful and imprudent performances, that make martyrs and proselytes, exacerbating theological differences and widening a gulf which should be bridged over. Obviously every nation

can frame restrictive regulations in regard to alien races or creeds; obviously such measures may become a source of irritation even in a modern western State—if the Americans claim to act with due consideration towards the Yellow Races, a few negro-lynchings will soon redress the balance. The creed of the Hebrew is obnoxious to Russians: that is the basic element of the trouble. Well, nothing is easier than to dilute it. If you despair of extirpating your Oriental, feed him; nothing like a course of rational diet for abating the edge of his idiosyncrasies. Where people are decently housed on this earth, they lose interest in the compensations of a life to come and all its quaint and dangerous concomitants; their creed, lacking the nourishment of starvation (all Semites are congenitally under-fed, hence their religious fervour), expires of its own inherent futility. We nourish our Jews properly in England—with what result? From being cantankerous bigots, they are converted into Epicureans, rationalists, and philanthropists, who would as soon think of being massacred for their faith as any well-fed Christian. All this, quite apart from the fact that brutality is not good form just now. The Russian should ponder the lesson of the Romans whose inconsistent and muddle-headed policy has left us this legacy of progroms and a good many other little things as well. They, the Romans, were in a position to annihilate the Jews to a man, to wipe them off the face of the earth—no easy task nowadays; or, again, they might have employed the British method; in either case, we should probably have learnt no more about the wondrous developments of the Banu Israel than what might be gathered from a distorted reference in Pliny or Tacitus. . . .

What facilitates Russia's task of assimilation, of engrafting the latest fruits of occidental knowledge upon her sound barbarian stock, is the fact that she has never undergone the schooling of a Reformation or Renaissance. These movements were blessings of a kind, in their day; but now, surely, we have pressed all the savour and nourishment out of them? And still their odour hangs about us, tainting the air we breathe, and sticking in our throats. It takes a strong man to shake off the rhetorical virus of the academies; to see life in a "dry light," and not through the haze of mediæval scholasticism. We are blocked in a blind

alley; we fail to perceive that ideals and aspirations, once honourable, are no longer mentors, but merely documents or milestones—milestones that we ought to leave behind, respectfully but promptly, instead of taking them up on our shoulders and allowing them to sit there, like the Old Man of the Sea.

Russians are luckier. They are not obliged to stagger along under a load of withered learning to which we attach a wholly fictitious (sentimental) value; to puzzle over a thousand precedents that clog the free evolution of the artistic sense; to digest, and re-digest, ten thousand dyspeptic moral maxims. They can be taught to understand these things without losing their sense of proportion and investing them with an absurd halo of reverence; they can appraise them at their present-day worth; they can begin where the more fortunate among us leave off. So they are carving out of Chaos certain values different from those of purely western origin, perhaps neither better nor worse—what is good and bad?—but assuredly of a fresh complexion and with an exhilarating smack of wider spaces; marching, in that curious brotherly spirit of theirs, to the discovery of new horizons in the world of morals and æsthetics.

The prognosis is sufficiently favourable. Only think: no Old Masters, no Cinque-Cento, no Calvinistic cant with its spawn of pruriency and hypocrisy, no metaphysics, no incubus of classic tradition! Never to have addled your (national) brain with the Thing in Itself and Probabiliorism and Gadarene Pigs; never to have made yourself ill about sins non-existent; never to have babbled of Plato and Jacopo Bellini; never to have enjoyed a single one of the genial thumb-screwing interludes that lie between the flamboyant cretinism of the Greek Church and the gracious serenity of Anatole France. . . . No wonder they are a "hopeful young nation"—non-derivative, anti-parochial, or whatever else bespeaks a free exercise of the creative imagination. I would give almost anything to feel really Russian for half an hour.

Books

ECONOMIC

THE FEEDING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN. By M. E. BULKLEY. (Bell.) 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN his speech on the war at the Guildhall a month ago, the Prime Minister said: "We want more men—men of the best fighting quality." He was quite right, we do want more men of the finest quality, and not merely for the purpose of fighting Germany, but also for the purpose of carrying on the work and affairs of the British Empire. What is more, we shall have to have such men. We shall have to breed and rear a race of fighters and workers far superior to such as we now possess if we are to continue to hold our present proud position among the nations. It is all right to point to our excellent fellows at the front, it is pleasing to note what fine types of fellows have passed the recruiting sergeant and the medical officers for the new army, but we must not let these important facts blind us to the equally important fact that only the best of the manhood of the race is thus paraded before the public gaze. The unfit, the weeds, those who are incapable of undergoing the rigorous training now necessary for the trade of arms, are lost to sight. In some districts, we are told, the proportion of rejected is over thirty per cent. of the total number of recruits who present themselves for enlistment. "The material that is coming from the factories and the slums is breaking the recruiter's heart." Thus does the war emphasise the lessons we refuse to learn in times of peace. For how could it be otherwise? For generations the children of the workers, the potential warriors of Britain, have been starved and stunted. They have been herded in styes instead of housed in homes; they have been sweated in childhood, and driven and harassed in maturity, until—well, until they become such caricatures of humanity that they almost break the heart of a recruiting sergeant. The great need of the children

of the race to-day is food. Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, says: "Defective nutrition stands in the forefront as the most important of all physical defects from which children suffer." From a purely scientific point of view, if there was one thing he was allowed to do for the six million school children in this country, if he wanted to rear an Imperial race, it would be to feed them. The great, urgent, pressing need is nutrition. "With that we could get better brains and a better race." Here is an example from Miss Bulkley's book of the effects of a lack of food and attention on Liverpool children. From three elementary schools 2,111 children were compared with 366 from secondary schools. The average height of the secondary-school boys of eleven years old was 4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the average weight just *over* 5 stone. The average height of the Council school boys of the same age, sons of casually employed workers, was 4 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and the average weight just *under* 4 stone. A difference of over one stone in weight in children of eleven years of age! The weakening effect of malnutrition on the intellect was shown in Manchester. Of 163 badly-nourished children it was found that 63·2 per cent. were below the normal in mental capacity; 12·9 per cent. were classed as bad. There is no need for us to drive the point home. Let anyone interested in our race read this book, and they will be convinced of the urgent necessity of making the provision of food for children compulsory at once.

FICTION

THE DEMI-GODS. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan.) 5*s*.

THAT nebulous Irish note which has been lovingly disciplined and brought to a pitch of mellow whimsicality by Mr. George Moore, and which declares itself—in more ominous shape—in the freakishness of Mr. Bernard Shaw the politician: that note of inspired inefficiency is rather too prevalent here. Readable, of course, like everything Irish, but—well, these angels of Mr. Stephens have not much backbone; they are too much given to mooning about in a mist of symbolism that makes one yearn for some stray piercing gleam from *La Révolte des Anges*. The volume is short, at all events; and would be shorter still but for

a few intercalated stories, some jolly little conversations about nothing in particular, and certain remarks on matters artistic and otherwise which impair its *tonalité* and produce a queer patchwork effect on the reader's mind.

The earthly personages are more convincing; they prove what everybody knows, namely, that when an Irishman condescends to restrain his temperamental animism and discourse of affairs terrestrial, he can be as entertaining as ever you please. The tinker is especially good; he covers a multitude of sins. Lastly, there is a donkey, an ever-present donkey—a kind of golden thread running through the book from cover to cover. It is a very ancient mirth-provoking device, this of the donkey; but one which (like the policeman in the pantomime) never fails in its effect. What is it that makes this amiable quadruped so irresistibly funny? One has only to mention the humble ass, and everyone is convulsed with laughter. At least, he knows perfectly well he ought to be. Why? Biblical associations?

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Duckworth & Co.)

NOT a few of these stories appeared first in THE ENGLISH REVIEW—a fact, by the way, not acknowledged; so that it would be invidious for us to criticise them. Mr. Lawrence, it seemed to us from the first, has the essential qualities of the great writer—passion, a remarkable sensibility, veraciousness, sympathy, to which gifts he adds poetry. He feels and sees life, as a poet. And this may be said to be the quality of his defects. He is still very young. Things affect, hurt him so deeply that his sense of proportion and of values is apt to get distorted. He is still obviously absorbed by the flesh. It leads him into unnecessary detail and contemplation of detail. It inclines him to miss the essential for the contributory parts of it. As yet he cannot get away from the "ravishing" of beauty, the body, the sensuality of man and woman, and it is apt to become tiresome. Again, he is somewhat over-complex, which makes his people appear artificial, over-insistent upon certain characteristics of humanity, which make them "subjects" rather than ordinary mortals, as he would probably intend them. In form, too, these studies are too long, compared with the French or Russian technique, at any rate. Here his poetic instincts carry him away. But

these are only minor considerations purely concerned with technical criticism. As a book of life, we know no better modern work—work with finer feeling, with such passion, with so delicate a sense of words. It is quite the best volume of stories that has appeared recently. They stand out far above ordinary fiction, and in style alone they are notable. Without doubt, Mr. Lawrence with this volume takes his place in the first flight of literary men from whom really great things may be expected.

THE THRACIAN SEA. By JOHN HELSTON. (Eveleigh Nash. 6*s*.)

IT would be easy to say a lot of things about this novel. In technique it is somewhat old-fashioned; at times it touches perilously on the melodramatic; as a work of art it is uneven. Its good qualities, however, are very good. There is real poetry in both the feeling and the manner of presentation; the author's Introduction alone is a literary piece of work. All through a fine passion reveals an honesty of work rare in the modern fiction writer. There are scenes in this book which raise it into the realm of literature. Mr. Helston is naturally a poet. For many years a working man, he has educated himself on lines rather of his own, and in this work he appears as a Socialist, though not of the doctrinaire kind. A splendid humanity gives an unusual truth to his characters, and though it would seem a pity that Mr. Helston has thought it necessary to close with a conventional ending, to bring his people off the stage, this, of course, is a matter of technique which in all probability he will not repeat. On horses and racing life Mr. Helston is an authority, and, like most people who understand horses, he understands women. His heroine, who is the best figure in the book, stands quite out. This is a book for thoughtful people to read.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Vol. III. By GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. (John Murray.)

THERE are a lot of interesting things in this third volume on Disraeli, in particular the letters are interesting, as indeed they would not fail to be. As a book of reference, as a Thesaurus of political sayings, the volume is invalu-

able; also it should serve as a book of wisdom to all who generalise on things political. Dizzy's dictum that "England and France are the two policemen in Europe, they can always hold the peace," is extraordinarily apposite. Disraeli, of course, never foresaw the rise of Germany. To-day we read such a pronouncement with profound misgivings as to the prescience of political leaders. On Ireland, again, Disraeli can be quoted as a true Liberal. "It is utterly impossible that Ireland can be again governed, openly or covertly, directly or indirectly, on the principle of Protestant ascendancy." What would Sir E. Carson say to that epigram of the Conservative Leader? No politician can afford to neglect this third volume. At the same time, it is difficult to praise it as a literary compilation. It is conceived in the old-fashioned traditional style carried out with laborious punctiliousness by the former editor of the *Times*. Biographies so conceived omit the human touch, revelation—the only thing of real interest in character. The procedure all through is conventional, deliberately treated with the conventional dulness of political biography. From any literary criterion, it is "stodge." However, we do get glimpses of Disraeli, the man, from his letters. "Commerce civilises man," he says. He writes of Lady Dorothy Walpole's engagement—"an excellent match—Reginald Nevill with a *good* £8,000 *per ann.*, and a real good fellow." Here we have the man's philosophy—the power of wealth. Touches like this are the only real things of value in biography, and we know Dizzy better by a few remarks of that kind than by chapters of political history. The best thing in the volume is the chapter on Disraeli and the Jews, which Mr. Buckle has handled with admirable fair-mindedness.

THE WAR

THE THIRD GREAT WAR IN RELATION TO MODERN HISTORY. By LAURIE MAGNUS. (Arrowsmith, Ltd., Simpkin, Marshall, &c., Ltd.)

THIS little historical essay fills a real want. Mr. Magnus has not only the temper of the historian, but is one of the few men who write about Germany with knowledge derived from residence there; moreover, he has performed the difficult task of writing quite dispassionately, with philo-

sophical detachment. His purpose is to show the warlike course of Germanic history divided into the phases which culminated in the three treaties of peace—Westphalia, Utrecht, Paris, this being the third great war which has arisen out of them. He gives in clear and scholarly form the history of Germanic ambition struggling always in the centre of Europe. It is a useful book, which we recommend highly to all who would know the main historical events which have led up to the present conflict. It is quite one of the best things yet said.

THE CITY OF DANCING DERVISHES. By HARRY CHARLES LUKACH. (Macmillan & Co.)

THERE is charm and scholarship in this tome of sketches and studies, which the author of the *Fringe of the East* has collected together in a book. Just now they are particularly apposite. They throw a good deal of light upon Turkish people and customs. It is the work of a cultured man and a gentleman.

FIGHTING IN FLANDERS. By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. (Wm. Heinemann. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

IN style and manner this is a characteristically American production. That is to say, it is chatty, anecdotal, inclined to be "tall"—in short, journalism: but very readable, and in some respects really interesting. Mr. Powell saw a lot of fighting. He was in Antwerp during the siege; he was with the Germans after the capitulation. What he has to say about German methods and the German Army is well worth reading. Though the book in no way gives a coherent story of events, it certainly presents a picture of the horrors of the war under the Huns, which is worth preservation.

THE GERMAN DOCTRINE OF CONQUEST. By G. SEILLIERE (J. M. Houe). (Maunsell & Co., Ltd.)

AMONG the many works that the war has produced, this study of the German philosophy of valour or imperialism stands out, and is indeed indispensable to all those not versed in the German literature of the last fifty years. It goes to the fount of the inspiration—racial selection; and shows whence the Chamberlain school of political thought

derived. For the first time, the name of the Frenchman, Gobineau, appears, who was Chamberlain's master. The subject cannot be entered into here, but this work by a French critic, marked with the characteristics of Gallic logic, precision, and incisiveness, gives in a nutshell the motives underlying what we ignorantly regard as purely militarism, but which really is in all its essentials an idealism of race, whether rightly or wrongly is another question now being decided on the fields of battle. Every Liberal should read this book. He will learn a good deal that at present baffles him. Above all, he will see that German militarism is not the work of a Junker Party, but the fruit of a racial philosophy, founded and propounded largely by a Frenchman and an Englishman.

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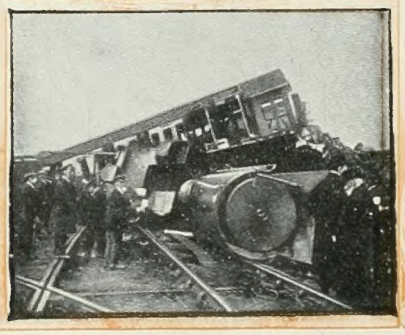

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